

# DATELINE

# 1960

Overseas Press Club of America





## vision / avenir

"Gandhi said: 'To the millions who have to  
"Comme l'a dit le Mahatma Gandhi: 'Les millions de gens qui  
go without two meals a day the only acceptable  
ne mangent pas deux fois par jour ne peuvent accepter Dieu s'il ose  
form in which God dare appear is food.'  
apparaître autrement que sous forme d'aliments'. Une utilisation  
Creative uses of atomic radiation in  
productive du rayonnement atomique dans l'agriculture peut  
agriculture can help give more and better food  
aider à fournir de plus grandes quantités d'aliments de meilleure  
to all peoples, everywhere. Atomic  
qualité à tous les peuples. En mettant ainsi, sans conditions,  
contributions to the agricultural development  
la science nucléaire au service du développement agricole  
of undernourished nations, with 'no strings  
des nations sous-alimentées, nous prouverons une fois de  
attached,' will offer new proof to the world  
plus au monde que nous pratiquons la fraternité que nous prêchons."  
that we practice the brotherhood we preach."

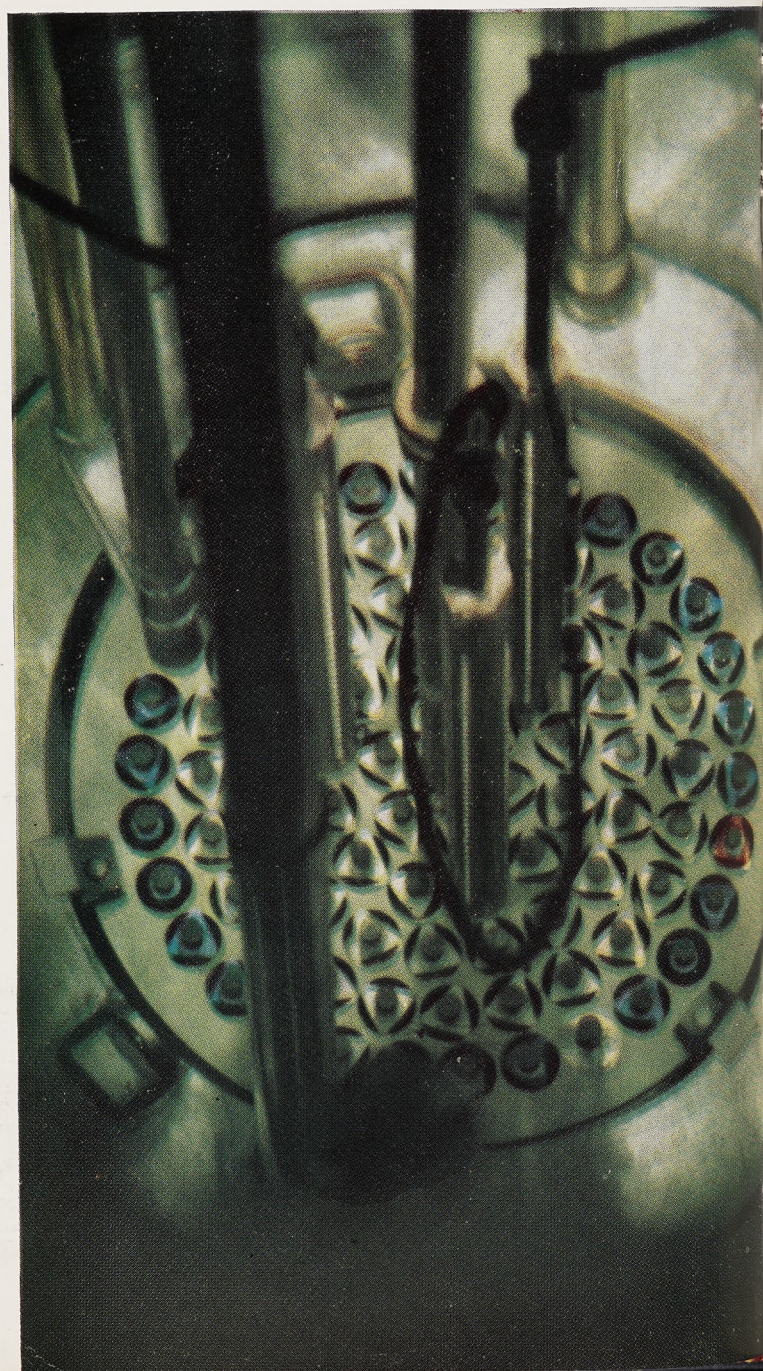
## reality / réalité

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Le TRIGA, réacteur offrant par sa structure même toutes garanties  
isotope-producing reactor, conceived, designed and  
de sécurité et prévu pour la recherche, la formation professionnelle  
produced by General Dynamics Corporation's General  
et la production d'isotopes, a été conçu, mis au point et réalisé  
Atomic Division, is now in use or soon will be in  
par la General Atomic Division de la General Dynamics Corporation.  
operation on five of the six continents. *India:*  
Il est déjà ou sera bientôt mis en service dans cinq des  
cooperative research and experiments at the World  
six continents, aux fins suivantes. *Inde:* recherches et expériences  
Agriculture Fair in New Delhi; *Belgian Congo:*  
conjointes à l'Exposition agricole mondiale de New-Delhi;  
research in bone growth and bone disease; *Republic*  
*Congo belge:* recherches sur la croissance et les maladies des os;  
of *Korea:* studies of genetic mutations in plants;  
*République de Corée:* études sur les mutations génétiques des plantes;  
*Brazil:* training of engineers; *Republic of Vietnam:*  
*Brésil:* formation d'ingénieurs; *République du Vietnam:* enquêtes sur  
investigation of tropical diseases; *Japan:* technical  
les maladies tropicales; *Japon:* formation de techniciens et  
training and biological research; *Austria:* programs  
recherches biologiques; *Autriche:* programmes de physique nucléaire  
in nuclear physics, isotopic chemistry; *Italy:*  
et de chimie des isotopes; *Italie:* recherches sur la physique  
research in neutron physics; *United States:* training,  
des neutrons; *Etats-Unis:* formation professionnelle, recherches  
research in plant growth, irradiation of seeds,  
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**COVER:** This dramatic color photo of Ike and K was made by Newsweek's Ed Wergeles when the Soviet Premier arrived in the U.S. last year. Wergeles created Dateline's cover by backgrounding the heads of the heads of state with the OPC insignie (drawn by Clyde Magill).

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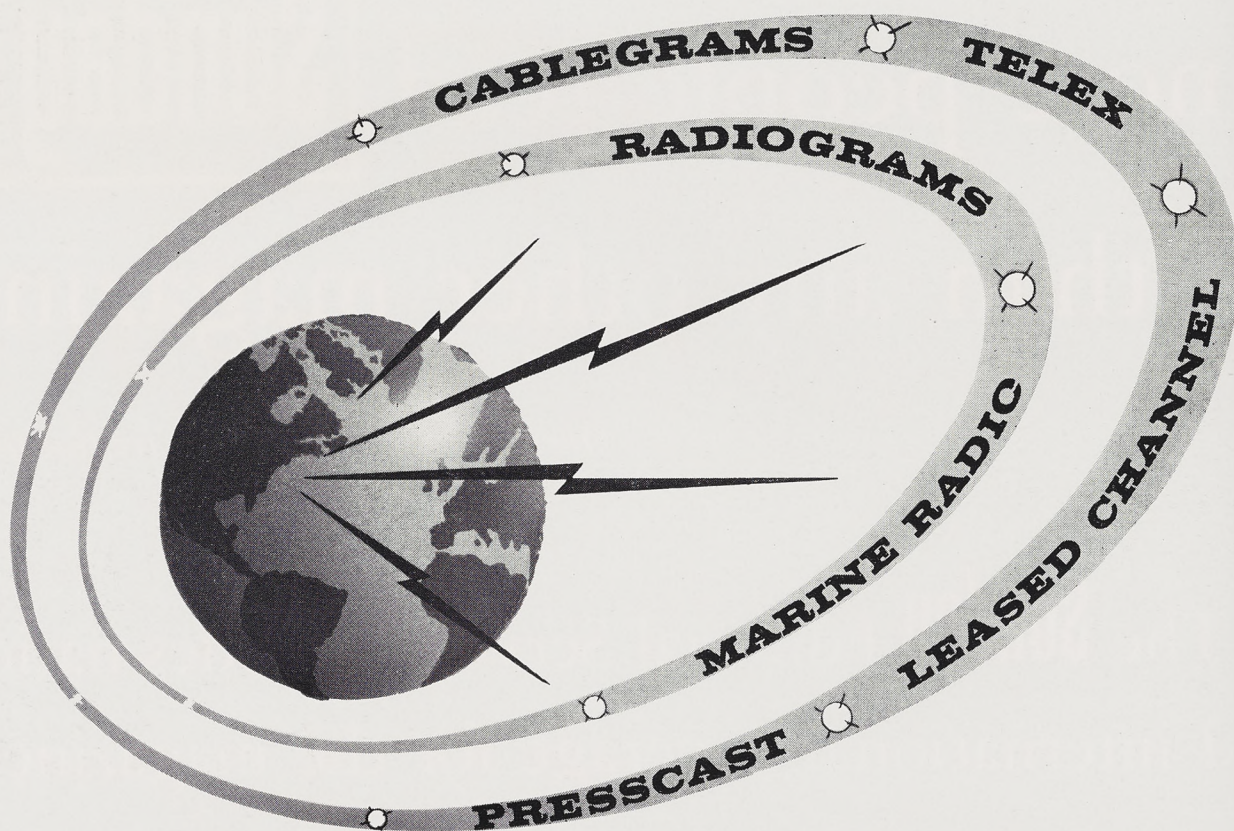
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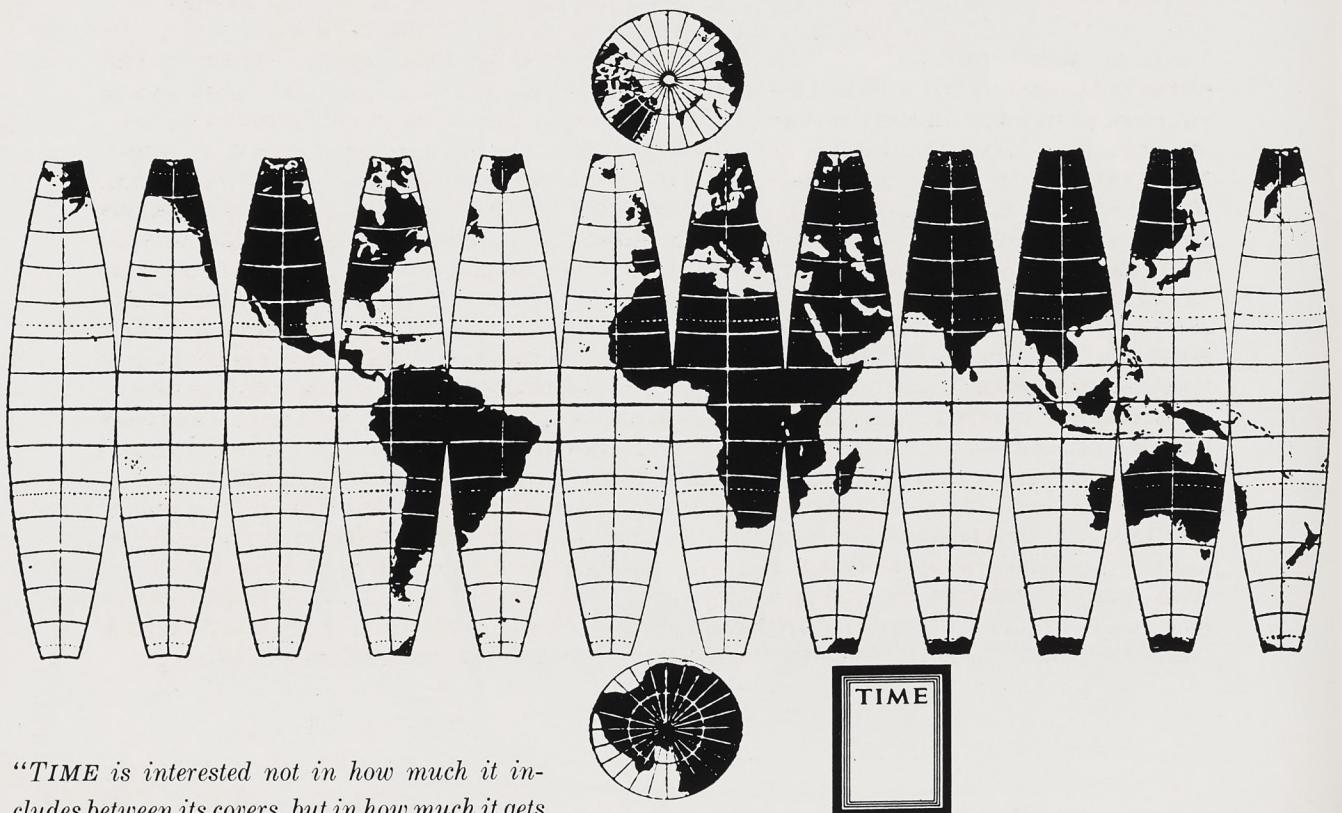
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*As of January 1960, the overseas roster was as follows:*



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# REPORTERS ABROAD

## *In Flannel With Homburg or Smudgy Trench Coats*

To write generalities about the genus foreign correspondent is to ask for trouble. Probably no more individualistic a group has ever been collected under a single occupational category. It ranges from the rambunctious sensation-seeker to the dignified scholar; from the fresh-faced eager beaver interviewing everybody in sight to the gray-haired elder statesman interviewing only himself. One thing they all have in common, though: A fiercely articulate gift for argument, the result of head-on collisions, month in, month out, with foreign officials, American officials, and their own editors as they continue their relentless pursuit of news.

It is no group to tangle with. For that reason, Dateline 1960 earnestly proposes to let its contributors speak for themselves; and also to wrap these introductory remarks in a discreet, or even cowardly, anonymity (cries of "Why?").

You cannot ask a worldful of correspondents to write pieces on whatever comes into their heads (more cries of "Why?"). You have got to give them some kind of framework, or at least a point of reference. (The next person who cries "Why?" will be escorted from the Waldorf.)

Anyway, the subject we asked each one to write about, from his or her own point of view, was this: The changing role of the foreign correspondent in the modern world. Or, to put it less forbiddingly: Has the trench coat given way to the gray flannel suit?

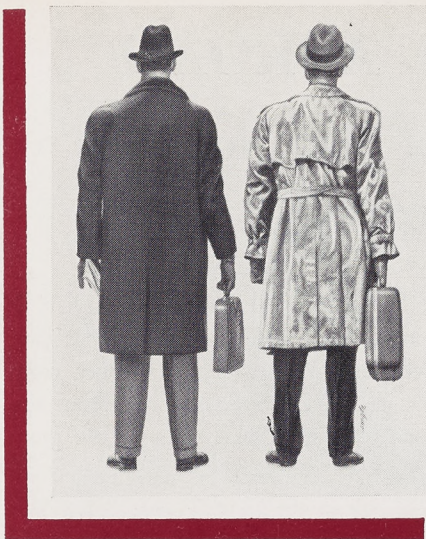
Certainly it is not our purpose to suggest that the days of glamour and derring-do in the field of foreign correspondence have come to their last take. The mantle of Richard Harding Davis may smell of mothballs but it still must be taken off the peg from time to time. And yet there does seem to be a trend—away from personal adventure, away from colorful description—toward a more sober-sided study of the significant economics, the social structure, the political and religious ideology that underlie events in today's divided world. The modern correspondent must know something—not a lot, maybe, but something—about nuclear physics, the convertibility of sterling, industrial plant capacity, and other such matters that yesterday's adventurer often simply ignored.

There is a wide variety of opinion among Dateline 1960's contributors—some have chosen simply to think aloud about their jobs—and it is high time we let them speak for themselves; seriously and not so seriously, on the following pages.

**W**HETHER in trench coat or chesterfield, the average foreign correspondent prides himself on his ready fund of information about world affairs. Just how ready is yours? Newsweek's Senior Editor for International, Eldon Griffiths, has devised a test which you may try on page 89.

Also you might match wits with your OPC Awards Dinner tablemates by attempting to identify the locales of the 32 photographs and John Groth and Howard Brodie border drawings in this year's Dateline from page 16 through page 31. For answers see page 90.





## PLAYING 'POOL'

One day last December on a windswept wadi in Morocco an old fellow foreign correspondent suddenly and terribly burst into tears. Not even a crying mongoose is a sadder sight.

"What is it, Chumley?" I asked, fearful that this grand old man who had long been close to the tense Balkan tinderbox may have misplaced his black Homburg and tightly rolled umbrella.

"I can't take this new type of jet-age foreign correspondence," he said with a pitiable whinny. "I have now traveled twenty thousand miles with President Eisenhower on this one trip. I have been with him in Rome, Ankara, Karachi, Kabul, New Delhi, Agra, Tehran, Athens, Tunis, Paris, Madrid, and here. Last summer I went with Vice President Nixon to Moscow, Leningrad, Novosibirsk, Sverdlovsk, Warsaw, and Keflavik."

"But what's your problem?" I asked. "I have yet to see either one of them!" he thundered indignantly. "As you know very well, I am not a tall correspondent. Matter of fact, Roy Howard calls me 'Shorty.' I have never been lucky enough to have had my name drawn out of the hat to be a member of the pool. The press jet always leaves the airport for the next place a half an hour before the guy you're supposed to be covering shows up. You're on hand at the next place when he arrives, but the tall





fat Prime Minister blocks your view. Then you're pushed into the press bus and taken to the local fleabag while his nibs is carried off to the palace in the state carriage.

Chumley plainly was suffering from a brand-new occupational disease of foreign correspondents. The jet strips much of the glamour of reporting from remote and romantic places. Would Richard Harding Davis have been capable of believing that a day would come when 80 reporters and cameramen would drop in on Afghanistan simultaneously to write about some harrowing dish the President of the United States consumed for lunch?

Seventy-eight of those 80 got the story secondhand. The two pool men were permitted to peek into the dining room for twelve seconds—24 seconds for Floyd Gibbons—and then were told to scram.

There are frustrations for the pool men, too. I was a pooler for the meeting between Eisenhower and King Mohammed Fifth at one of the former Sultan's pleasure domes near Casablanca. Thinking only of my colleagues, held under sedation in a saloon outside the palace grounds, I took voluminous notes about this meeting between the well-known monogamist from Abilene, Kans., and the jaunty descendant of the Prophet who on one occasion when he had to take it on the lam left Rabat so hurriedly he took along only two wives and 95 concubines. A gassy harem eunuch, turned to jelly by the pouch of gold sovereigns I pressed surreptitiously into his chubby paw, whispered a breathless tale into my ear. Alas, he spoke in Arabic.



None of the fellows, not even Chumley, seemed interested in my hard-won report, not even in the veiled hint that the King likes to go for a swim with small schools of wives and modest fleets of harem favorites. Seems that our jet was moving so rapidly that day there had been a pool report on what Ike had said to Franco in Madrid and there would be another a few hours later when we landed in Washington.

Chumley and I headed straight for the newsstand when we hit the Capital. Sure enough, they had a picture postcard of Eisenhower for sale. Fine looking man. It must be a thrill to see him in person.

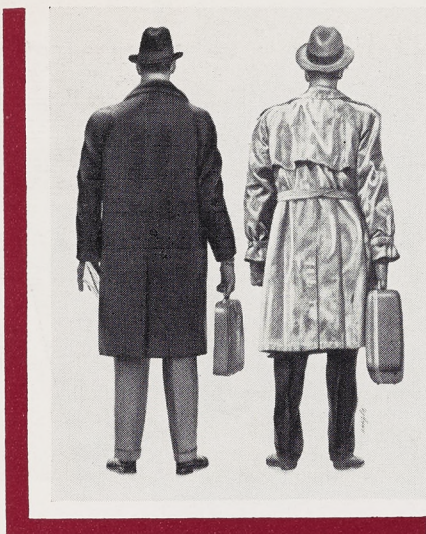
—BOB CONSIDINE  
*Hearst Headline Service*

## HOW TO SURVIVE

Time was when an exotic dateline meant a report about an archeological expedition or an off-beat feature by a wandering correspondent. Today it probably denotes a dispatch about the troubles of a newly independent African state (Conakry, Yaoundé, Kumasi) or the latest worries of the Dalai Lama (Kalimpong, Tezpur, Shillong) or the current travels of Nikita Khrushchev (Jogjakarta, Denpasar, Bogor).

Time was, too, when the story about witchcraft or cannibalism in darkest Africa was just that—witchcraft or cannibalism; interesting one-time reading and forget about it. Today the story must be read against the background of





African nationalism; it adds a dimension to serious reporting about one of the great political upsurges of the century.

So it is in countless other aspects of the news. A simple trade agreement is no longer simple. What effect has it on United States relations with the Common Market six or the European Free Trade Association seven? What relation has it to economic aid under technical assistance programs through the ICA, the U.N. or the Colombo Plan? What is its relationship to military aid through mutual-assistance programs or through NATO, SEATO, or CEN-TO?

The growing interrelationships in the news, while the basic materials become more complex, obviously impose new challenges on the correspondent abroad and on the editor at home.

Many of us remember the harassed hero in a trench coat who moaned on stage in "Clear All Wires!": "They don't want news any more. They want to know what's happening." True—and more. They also want to know why it's happening and where it will end.

Obviously this calls for a different breed of foreign correspondent and confronts editors at home with vastly different problems. The editor must avoid the twin perils of overestimating the reader's knowledge and underestimating his intelligence.

Despite a human tendency to think in black and white terms—heroes and villains, good guys and bad guys—the serious newspaper tries to view current happenings against a broad background of what has gone before. This imposes

a rigid discipline of techniques on correspondent and editor. Despite the pressures caused by insufficient white space (every news editor's lament) one tries to maintain a sense of continuity in selection and presentation.

The modern correspondent must be able to satisfy the editor's changed and changing concept of news. These days there is greater attention to specialized subject matter and at the same time a wider variety of general material than one was likely to find in the foreign-news columns before World War II.

The overwhelming volume and variety of news are a test of any editor's endurance. The one who is smart enough to ask the right questions and fortunate enough to have a staff able to dig out the answers has the best formula for professional survival.

—EMANUEL R. FREEDMAN  
*Foreign Editor, The N. Y. Times*

## 'INFORMED' SOURCES

Diplomatic Circles, Reliable Sources, and Informed Observers—those old stand-bys who never miss an international get-together—will be gathering in full force in Geneva next month to tell the world what is really going on at the summit conference. As usual, these anonymous purveyors of inside dope will be the steadfast confidants of most of the reporters patrolling the periphery of this historic conference. Take it from a reporter who has quoted them all.

If it's background, prophecy, or just plain gobbledygook





you want, these are the people who'll keep you supplied. When the Foreign Ministers won't talk, these guys will. When the Foreign Ministers make an announcement, the circles, sources, and observers will be right there to read between the lines and spell it out for you any way you want it spelled.

You've been reading their pronouncements for years, and maybe you've wondered who these garrulous and obliging characters are. They aren't as mysterious as they sound.

A diplomatic circle occurs when a reporter has a drink with somebody who works for a Foreign Office. If they can agree on something, the circle speaks. If not, the circle speculates.

A reliable (or authoritative) source is anyone who has been hanging around conference antechambers long enough to acquire some diplomatic friends and some definite opinions. He does not necessarily work for a Foreign Office and is generally referred to in the plural.

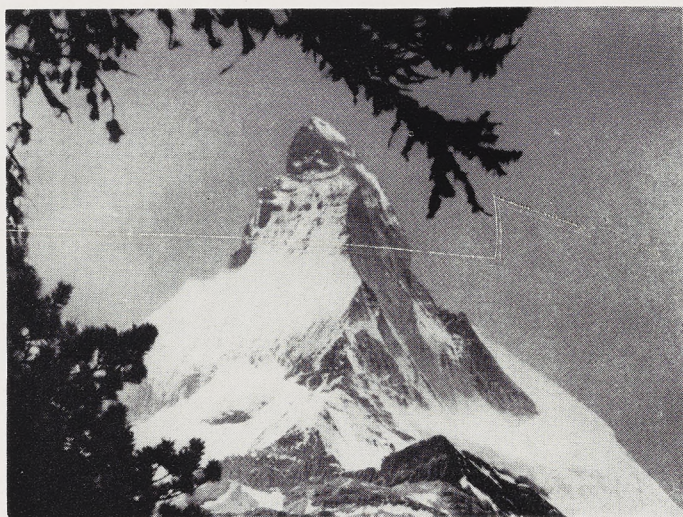
Informed observers are reporters. That's why informed observers sense trends but seldom disclose news. When two reporters have got a situation doped out the same way, they call themselves "most observers." If they happen to disagree, each becomes "some observers." ("One observer" is too feeble a peg on which to hang a prediction, or even an interpretation.)

Sometimes a reporter can't find anybody in the press bar and none of his sources answers the phone. He must face his typewriter alone with a deadline to meet. Does he sweat? Not if he's an old hand. He simply writes: "The general feeling here is that . . ."—and from there on, anything goes.

You might remember that phrase. Anytime you see it, you can bet the writer wasn't able to locate or conjure up a source and is crawling out on that limb all by himself. Be careful of it, too, for many a reporter who suc-







cumbers to that old general feeling on a rash night hates himself in the morning when he reads his stuff in the paper.

Does all this sound faintly unethical? It shouldn't. Just imagine you're a reporter covering next month's conference. You've got a pretty good idea of what's going on behind those closed doors, and your notion is confirmed by a couple of tips. As usual, the big shots won't talk, or if they drop a hint, it's not for attribution. What's your next move?

You just form a circle, find a source, or become an observer. They'll never let you down.

—**WILLIAM ATTWOOD**  
*Foreign Editor, Look magazine*

## TRAFFIC JAM

There isn't too much argument but France has produced for the past decade the best news stories in Western Europe. The newspapermen don't get credit for it—France does. The *Enfant Terrible* of the Western world, a gal who knows her own mind and has changed it hundreds of times, has never stopped giving birth to new political parties, new political ideas, and new French Republics. Every time the rest of the world thinks they have France figured out, she surprises them. It's no wonder that her present leader Charles de Gaulle has both President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev ringing his doorbell and asking if they can come in for tea.







A reporter's life in Paris can be a hard one. Getting the news is not too hard particularly since there are so many forces working against each other and willing to feed the newspaperman dirt on the opposition. Also the French have been famous for diplomatic "leaks," on the theory if they give out the story first they will be credited with originating the idea.

What makes a reporter's life tough is the traffic. It may take a correspondent fifteen minutes to get an exclusive from a Cabinet minister and two hours to get to the office in a cab to report the news to the world.

Now the problem is, not only does it take so long to get to the office, but in the interim you start speaking to the taxi driver and it turns out his thoughts on the same subject that you have just interviewed a Cabinet minister on are far more interesting. So every reporter is in a quandry. Should he use the words of the minister or the taxi driver? An experienced reporter will use both.

Actually the toughest part of covering France is not French politics which change every day and gives the reporter a great deal of leeway (something wrong he reports on Tuesday may turn out to be right on Wednesday and vice versa) but keeping track of other organizations such as NATO, SHAPE, UNESCO, OEEC, EEC, ILO, WHO and the rest of the alphabet. It is true that all these organizations are well furnished with press agents but it requires

a great deal of wining and dining before you can get any hard news out of any of the people behind the press agents.

There is nothing wrong with wining and dining with diplomatic types—nothing at least that a new liver won't fix. Statistics show that more good reporters have left Paris with bad livers than any other ailment. It is for this reason that most newspapermen stationed here have demanded hazard pay for working in a foie zone.

Men who have covered revolutions and earthquakes still consider the toughest stories they have to cover are the diplomatic dinners at the Elysée Palace. The newspapermen in Paris have a saying: "There are no atheists in Maxim's wine cellar."

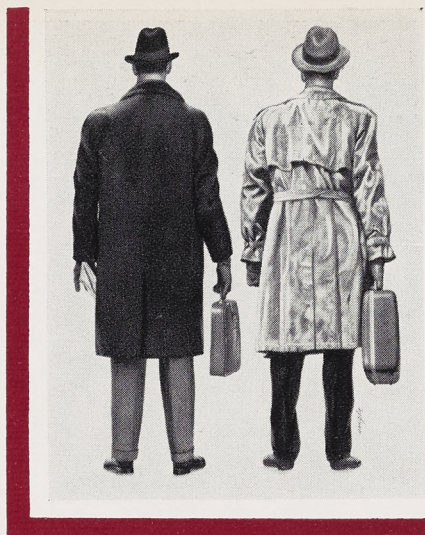
It would be too difficult to relate all the horrors of covering a story in Paris. Sometimes a correspondent has to stay up until 4 in the morning, many times in a Pigalle night club, or a Left Bank cabaret before he gets the information he wants.

But despite the terrible hazards and dangers there isn't a reporter in Paris who would change his job for any other spot in the world.

That great foreign correspondent Randolph Churchill once summed it up by saying: "Of all the cities in the world Paris has *je ne sais quoi*."

—ART BUCHWALD  
N. Y. Herald Tribune columnist





## SEEING EYES

When I was coming home from Moscow in December 1957, for what was intended as two months' leave (it turned out to be permanent, but that's another story), I cabled my New York office to ask if my replacement, Paul Niven, could operate a motion-picture camera. The reply came, "NIVEN NOT CAMERAMAN BUT WILL BE NEXT WEEK."

That cable seemed to me to symbolize the revolution in foreign reporting that the electronic age has wrought. I had myself, in preparation for my Moscow assignment, been put through a quickie course in the operation of the 16-mm. Bell & Howell Filmo, and, in fifteen months in Russia, found myself getting more advice from New York on dirty lenses and inaccurate framing than on my keen analyses of the latest Soviet purge.

Once the equipment of the foreign correspondent com-

prised a typewriter and a collect cable card. Now, it includes a portable tape recorder, camera, tripod, and extra lenses. Admittedly, Moscow is special. One cannot, except on rare occasions, get visas for cameramen or sound technicians, which leaves the correspondent to double, and triple, in brass. (In the Moscow Western colony, it is a constant source of fun to see a network correspondent in Red Square during the May Day parade—winding his tape recorder with one hand, operating his camera with the other, and, with his third, taking notes on the speeches and the passing array of military hardware for a broadcast scheduled a half hour later.) Normally, outside of Russia, the correspondent does not have to operate the equipment himself. But sound, and sight, have widened the dimensions, and burdens, of foreign reporting.

The correspondent must choose visual elements that will tell the story. His commentary must be synchronized to what the cameraman has shot, or will shoot at his direction. He works as much for a film editor as for a news editor. The worst criticism a network reporter can hear today is not, "ungrammatical script," or "slopping thinking," but "won't cut!," which means that the story lacks the proper elements for smooth film editing.

The radio reporter could not afford to follow his story if it meant getting out of reach of a microphone and circuit. The television reporter has, in addition, the logistics of a camera crew and film shipment to worry about. And, it's getting worse! The introduction of Video taping has made it possible to record events, and commentary, on the electronic camera, with a notable gain in fidelity, but also a notable increase in logistical headaches.

On the recent Eisenhower tour of Western Europe and





his eleven-nation trek to India, a special plane had to be chartered to carry the huge electronic cameras, generator, and other equipment. The virtually immobile cameras had to be set up at strategic spots, the planning of which took a lot more time than covering the story itself. The correspondent, no longer king, becomes now the handmaiden of the equipment. He moves where the camera can move.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not complaining. I've forgotten how to change the ribbon on my typewriter, but you ought to see me thread the film through a camera!

—**DANIEL SCHORR**  
*CBS, New York*

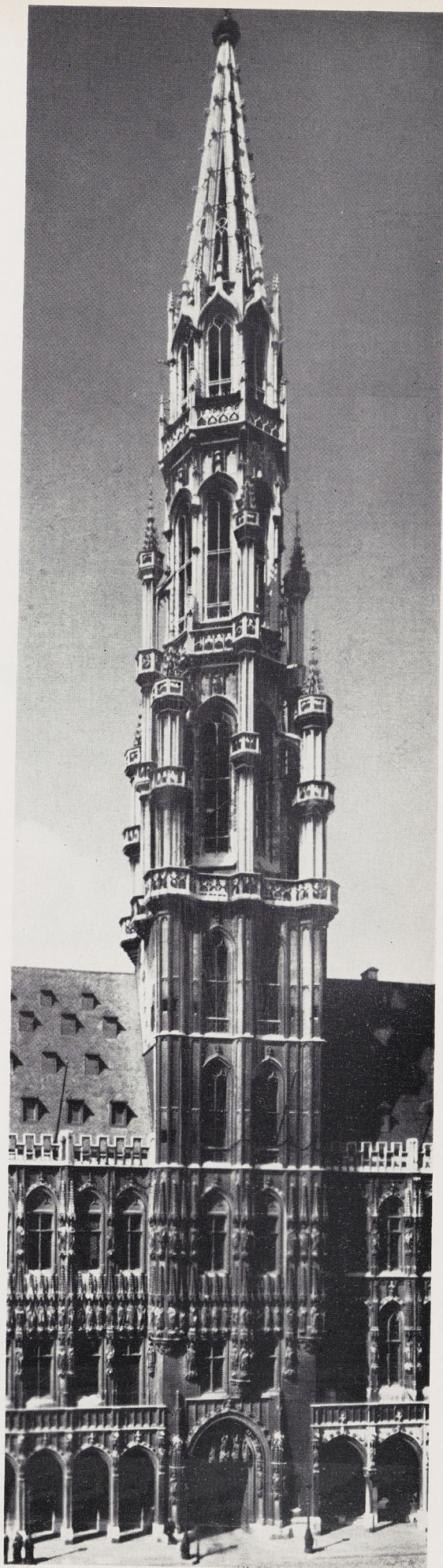
## ANTI-ANECDOTE

Your tentative title is "From Trench Coat to Gray Flannel Suit" and I have neither.

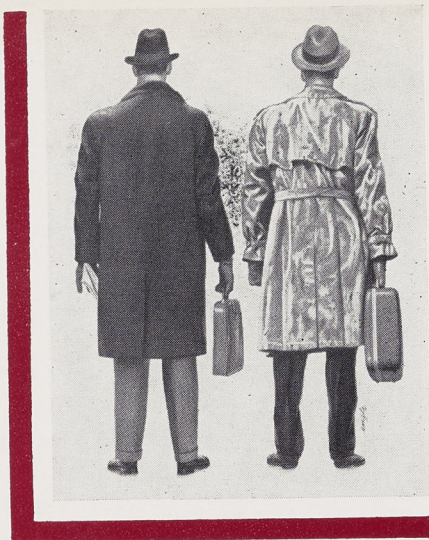
You ask for any relevant anecdotes and I am strongly anti-anecdote.

Is there no room in this industry for the non-teller of anecdotes? There should be. As a matter of fact, there was once a captain of industry the hand of whose daughter was being sought by a number of journalists. He invited all of them to dinner and at the end of the evening gave his blessing to one of them who had sat through the dinner saying nothing. "Why, captain?" he was asked. "Because, my son," he said, "all night you never told an anecdote."

—**EDWIN NEWMAN**  
*NBC, Paris*







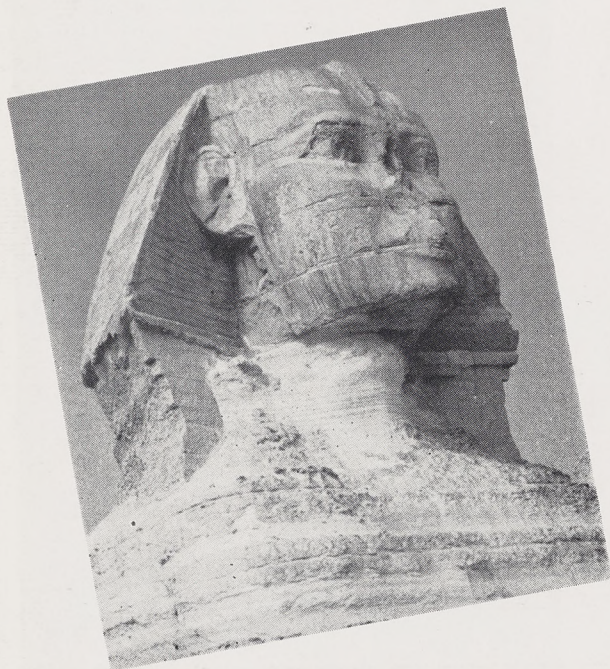
## ON A SLOW SAFARI

Henry Morton Stanley was the first American correspondent of note to cover Africa. Today you can see Stanley's bigger-than-life image on the south bank of the Congo River. This bronze likeness of Stanley is dressed in what seems to be a primitive bush jacket (Nairobi tailors would shudder!), and he stands alert, as any fool knows a foreign correspondent stands, looking to the northwest. What is now called Stanley Pool lies directly ahead. Leopoldville is slightly to the right, Brazzaville is slightly to the left.

That is a lot of words to the central fact. Mr. Stanley is wearing a bush jacket. Mark that closely. No trench coat. No gray flannel suit. Mr. Stanley, the father of our corps, wears a bronze bush jacket.

Now that's what I've been telling the fellows out here. Get into uniform! I don't want them to wear *bronze* bush jackets. Just bush jackets. What would happen if some photographer on assignment from *Esquire* or *Sports Illustrated* or *Holiday* dropped in and found everyone looking like Homer Bigart? The poor guy wouldn't dare send his film home, that's what.

Homer Bigart, who once worked for *The New York Herald Tribune*, an offshoot of Stanley's sheet, should know better. You'd think he would have tradition to uphold. But not Homer. He still slouches around in a soggy





Klein's basement sport shirt looking as undashing as he did in Korea ten years ago. I took Homer up to see Stanley the other day hoping it would shame him. But Homer was only interested in the cataracts, which are (for Christ's sake!) *behind* Stanley. Maybe it's because Homer now works for The Times.

Bigart's east-coast colleague, Len Ingalls, is even worse. He dresses like something from London's best tailors. But, confidentially, I just found out the bum buys his suits in Johannesburg!

My associate, Lee Griggs, who, like our proprietor Harry Luce, is real Ivy League, is also a problem. He keeps wearing Brooks Brothers shirts and such. I ordered him to buy a bush jacket, just like I once ordered our Vienna man, Ed Clark, to buy a trench coat. Like Clark, Griggs bought it. But he's still grumbling. So is Clark.

Lynn Heinzerling, who is God Almighty for the Associated Press South of the Sahara, won't cooperate either. He goes around looking like a New York lawyer. The only thing he accomplishes is giving everyone else misery (i. e., callbacks).

Hank Toluzzi, the TV camera type out here, came rushing in the other day saying he'd found some wonderful shirts. I thought, gee, this is it! But what were they: Swiss wash 'n' wear. To hell with it.

The thing about the business in Africa these days is getting where the news is. If you are in Nairobi, all hell's busting loose in Nigeria. If you are holding Nkru-

mah's hand, Mboya gets sore and starts a railroad strike in Kenya. You can't win. You spend more time keeping score than playing ball.

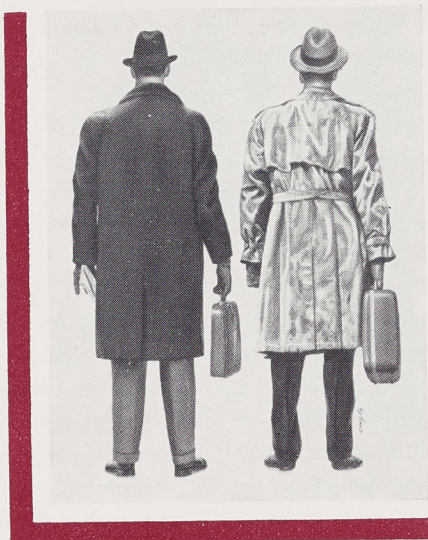
Illustration. I was over in Uganda recently trying to sort out the Kabaka's women when it suddenly occurred to me this was a useless exercise during Africa's great year of emergence. So I decided to hustle over to the west coast.

How do you hustle across Africa? Well, you get in a plane in Nairobi. You stop off at Entebbe for a few hours while the pilots entertain the hostesses. Then you go to Usumbura in Ruanda-Urundi. This is an exotic spot on Lake Tanganyika. Three government information officers and one fellow hiding in a large blanket meet you. You get briefed on the government's position and also what the Watutsis think way up there. Then you change planes. You fly to Leopoldville. Day is shot. You sleep. Next morning you take a ferry through the water hyacinth and eventually get across the Congo River. So far so good. Air France leaves for Lagos at 1 p. m.

But Air France says there is a slight delay. The Abbé Fulbert Youlou is entertaining some other Prime Ministers from French Equatorial Africa and he won't be ready to leave for Saint Louis to meet de Gaulle for awhile. So you sit at the Brazzaville airport. Three o'clock comes and you figure the Abbé Youlou should be fed by now. No such luck. Five o'clock, 10 o'clock, midnight. Finally, with a tooting of sleepy bugles, and a bedraggled guard







of honor coming to an approximation of attention, the Abb and his guests arrive. It is 2:40 a. m. the next day.

Well, at least you are on your way. Air France is sorry as hell. But never mind. You are on your way.

At least you think so. You are awakened at dawn and told you are landing in Cotonou. Where the hell is Cotonou? It's in Dahomey, that's where. Where is Dahomey? A half hour from Lagos. Why does Air France stop in Dahomey? Because the Abbé Youlou wants to, that's why.

But you haven't heard the bad news yet. The plane isn't going to go to Lagos as the pretty schedule says it should. Why? Because the Abbé Youlou doesn't want to go to Lagos, that's why.

So you sit and sweat and the flies bite you in Cotonou, of all places. You walk—one step causes you to smell like a locker room—over to the local French administration. What's the situation around here? A fonctionnaire informs you that before he can tell you what the temperature is outside he must have clearance from Paris.

Well, what seems a month after having been abandoned like a love child by Air France, you manage to get to Lagos. Bigart and Heinzerling and Eric Severeid (attended by camera crew) are sitting in the bar at the Mainland Hotel. Where have *you* been? Quite an election we're having here. Should have been around.

—JAMES A. BELL  
*Time, Inc., Johannesburg*

## INSIDE DOWN-UNDER

I find it hard to talk about conditions among foreign correspondents; to me, as a member of the Chippewa family, all correspondents, including police reporters and Westchester stringers, are foreign. But I guess you could call me an overseas correspondent. Thanks to the paleface and his gift of firewater, I have been at least half overseas whenever history was made in my presence, as it usually has been.

At Iwo Jima, in the year '45, a Japanese sniper hit me amidships while aiming at a Luce correspondent with whom I was strolling. Since it is almost impossible to walk anywhere overseas except in the neighborhood of Luce correspondents, I decided then to withdraw from foreign service, or, at any rate, to consolidate my operations. I now confine myself to observing Australia whenever there is pressure on me to go there, from creditors or whomsoever. Australia, you might say, is my beat. I have written a book about the place and have also studied it closely, in the order named.

The following trends have been noticeable since I first visited Australia as a boy correspondent:

Politics—The Labor Party has become fatally split between the Left and the Sun-Worshippers, so that the Liberal (pronounced Conservative) government is practically permanent. A letter to Mr. Menzies in Canberra will always reach him there. I write, but he doesn't answer.

Social customs—Today you can get a drink in Sydney till 10 and in Melbourne till 6, but after that only when thirsty.



People—All the girls I knew in 1942 have become grandmothers or O.P. (opening price) bookmakers.

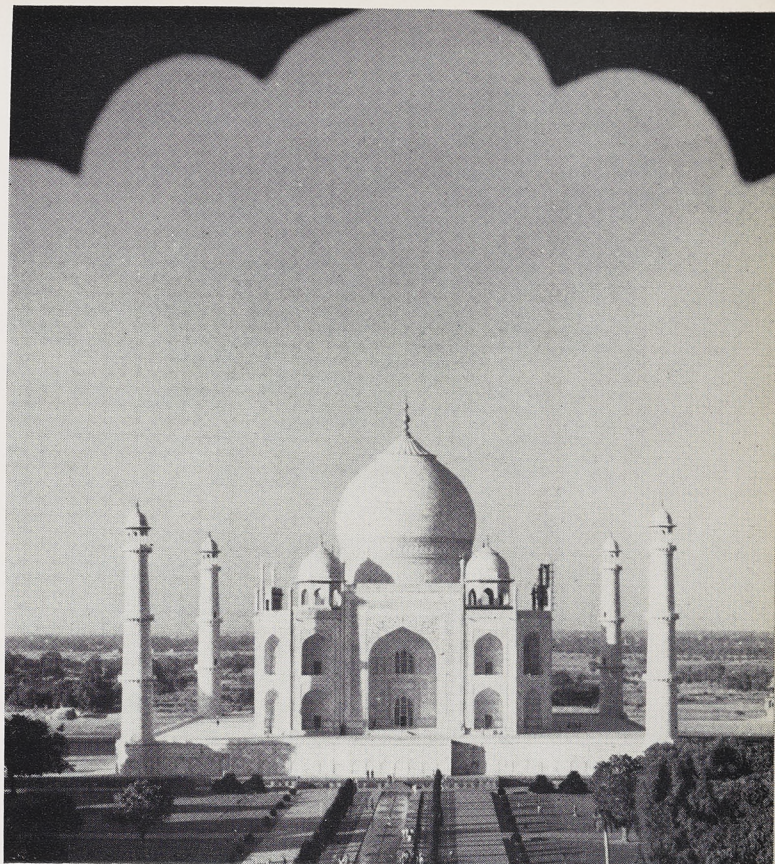
Art—There is now a plaque in Sydney Stadium at Rushcutter's Bay commemorating Australia's greatest world championship prizefight, Jack Johnson vs. Tommy Burns, 1908. It was installed in 1958 at my request and at Newsweek's expense, amid convivial ceremonies.

International relations—As of the time of my last visit, 97.8 per cent of the population still was convinced that the splendid Australian race horse Phar Lap was murdered by Americans during his visit here. I plan to go back and stand trial personally at the next assizes. It will be a pleasure.

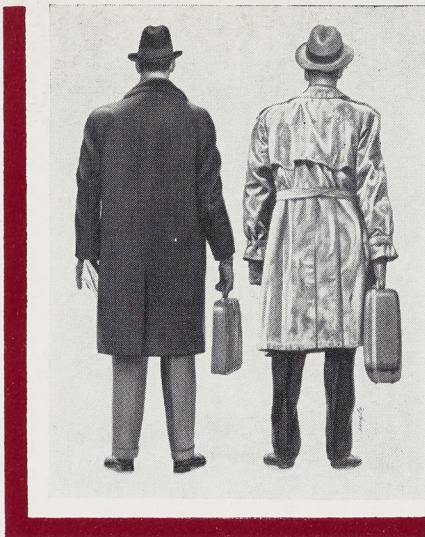
—**JOHN LARDNER**  
*Newsweek columnist*

## JIGSAW GAME

The realization comes slowly to a Western newspaperman working in a Communist satellite that he is not only writing about the people of Eastern Europe but for them. It is not a particularly happy or comfortable thought, but there is no getting around it. It is part of the changing







role of the foreign correspondent, even though he didn't ask for it.

There is no great political mystery involved, and no political motivation on the reporter's part. It all happens quite simply, and quite inevitably.

In every Communist satellite, the domestic press is heavily censored. Sometimes the government encourages a bit of criticism on domestic issues—"Why aren't we getting more cloth out of that factory in Lodz?"—and sometimes a brave local newspaperman can slip in an innuendo that he may live to regret.

But nothing important is ever printed in a newspaper in Eastern Europe that is not government-approved. Much more to the point is the fact that everyday news important to the nation is not printed at all. Eastern Europeans become quite adept at interpreting and reading the real meaning into what *is* printed. But it is a jigsaw puzzle kind of game, with key pieces left out, and everybody knows it.

In every Communist satellite there are a few men who can write the truth as they see it and find it, write as they please. These are the foreign correspondents. It makes them, and their jobs, much more important than they had realized. And it makes them dangerous to the governments.

There is no censorship for foreign correspondents in any Communist satellite. Naturally, there are plenty of hidden censorships: The call to the Foreign Office for a dressing-down, the frightening away of friends, the closing up of sources, the threat of ouster, the withholding of visas, and, finally, the bounce.

But the fact still remains that as long as he is in the Eastern European nation, any foreign correspondent can write without a word being taken out of his story before it reaches his office. What's more, with the passport in his pocket as the substitute for real courage, he can go after a story, ask questions, reject answers, and ask more. There are not many men in any Communist country who can do that, not many at all.

The Communist governments allow the foreign correspondent to be censorship-free because this is part of the





pleasant image of liberalization; and also because they know they can quite often influence or control him without the fuss and nastiness of imposing censorship.

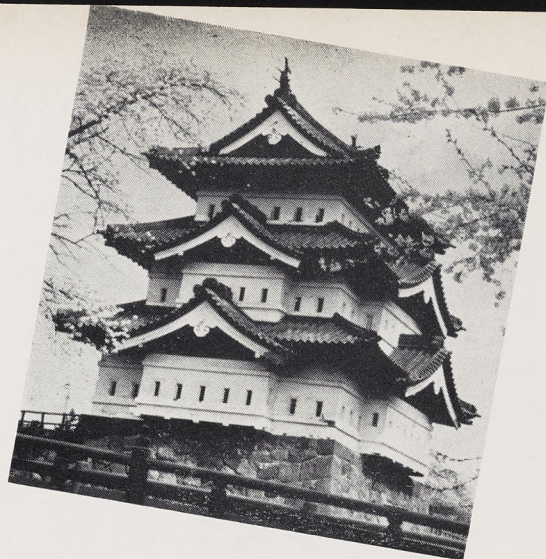
The Communist governments detest most foreign correspondents, but they want them around anyway—most of the time. They feel a corps of foreign correspondents adds a certain importance to a capital. They know that times come when the Communists themselves will want their stories—stories of progress, or perhaps of pressure from Moscow—printed abroad.

These governments pay a price for having foreign correspondents around—and sometimes they decide the price is just too high. The correspondent may be getting a little too inquisitive, a little too unheeding of pressures.

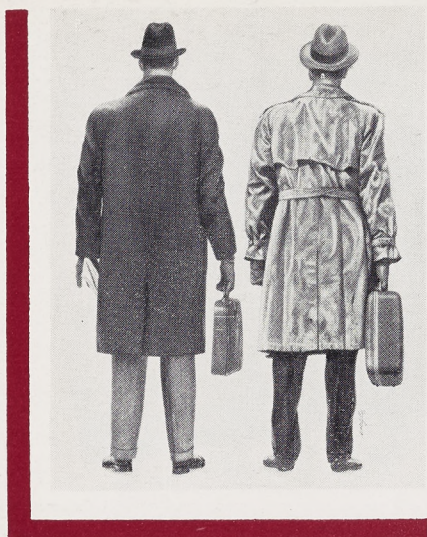
And sometimes there is a domestic crisis. The whole nation knows about the crisis in general terms but their papers give no real information. The foreign correspondent gets hold of a good deal more of the story. He writes it, and within hours the whole domestic censorship apparatus is destroyed by the broadcasts coming back. Somebody in the party picks up the phone, the Foreign Office gets its instructions, the correspondent is asked to drop around, right away, and the Official Spokesman tells him:

"A pleasant morning, but I am afraid I have some unpleasant news for you."

—A. M. ROSENTHAL  
*The N. Y. Times, Geneva*







## CLEAN LIVING

The greatest crisis facing the postwar (post-Korean war, that is) foreign press cadre in Tokyo is the endemic, if not epidemic, shortage of evil companions.

Almost to a man, the foreign correspondents in Tokyo have shucked the war-time mark of the mud-spattered trench coat—it was downright gauche, if not sacrilegious, to clean a trench coat.

Even the era of the gray flannel suit has passed. Now it's bankers' blue. The correspondents corps has become a group of investors, home owners, property speculators, and parents who worry about schools for their youngsters, lead boy and girl scout troops, and attend PTA meetings.

—ARNOLD DIBBLE  
UPI, Tokyo

## CULTURAL EXCHANGE

Maybe the best way to tell about the role of a correspondent today, especially in the Middle East, is to fictionalize it a little. I trust the following exchanges—which aren't *all* fiction—will explain what I mean.

ACE NEWS SERVICE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

January 19, 1959

Dear Charlie:

Do all you former war correspondents have to evaluate EVERYTHING in terms of divisions, guns, tanks, and planes? The market is mighty tough back here, and the public is sick of Middle East political flare-ups. Why don't you

give us a piece with lots of local color? Why not a personal inside story on a belly-dancer . . . a real intimate four-dimensional interview . . . and don't forget the color. Load it on. Don't think I wouldn't like to get a bellyful of that myself (ha, ha!).

Yrs.

(s) J. Fosmore Shirkley

PS: Get rid of that old trench coat. Don't you ex-war correspondents know there's another meaning for "W.C."?

NILE HILTON HOTEL  
CAIRO, U.A.R.

January 30, 1959

Dear Fos:

I'm trying to sell the trench coat. No takers. Meanwhile, how's this for a colorful, intimate, inside EXCLUSIVE for Ace News Service? And get this: This babe is the No. 1 "bellyrina" (Ha, Ha) out of some 2,000 hip-wigglers in this hip-wagging country. This is the first interview she's ever given any correspondent, even war correspondents. A coup, what?

Cheers,

(s) Charlie

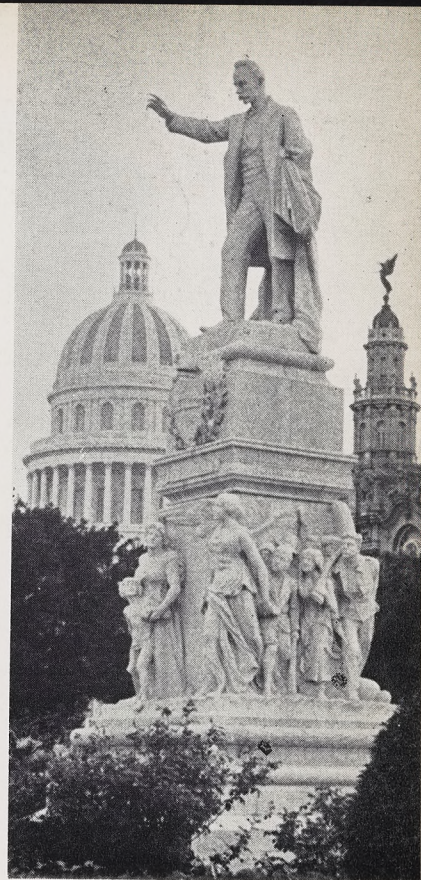
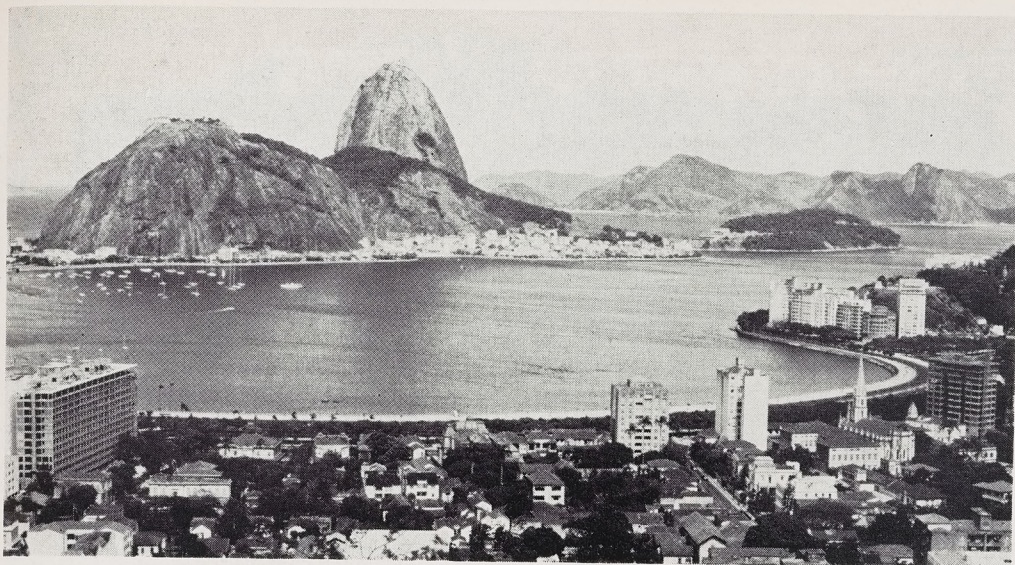
PS: Here's the exclusive (and please rush tearsheets). . .

CAIRO (ANS)—The tocsin clangs the beguiling hour of 3 in the smoky shadows of the Casino Fontana, somewhere near the predawn heart of the throbbing pungent Middle Orient.

The Bellybelle of the Nile slithers over to our corner table, her smoldering eyes flashing like strange sins.

Her name is Tahia Gamal, and her shapely exotic 5-foot 5-inch torso is draped around enough clothes to hide behind





a toothpick. Even when sitting down she pulsates energy like a pressure cooker.

For nearly two hours Tahia has hypnotized her devoted cult of worshippers with a new secret reflex called the "Bewitching Grind." Unsuspecting victims testify it's paralytic at twenty paces, lethal any closer.

Most times, she launches this twitching terpsichore somewhere between her trim golden ankles and her dimpled knees. Seismographic experts estimate the last one erupted somewhere in the Galactic horizon just above Wahoo, Neb.

"Dar-leeng," she murmurs. "It really is NOT the hips."

"Not the hips?" we whisper in breathless disbelief.

"No," scoffs she. "The hips, pooh, they are nothing."

"Well, if not the hips . . . perhaps the shoulders?"

She poohs again.

"When I dance the belly-dance, dar-leeng, you must watch my eyes. Only my Oriental eyes can tell you what I am really saying. Yes, you must carefully watch my eyes—and my teeth."

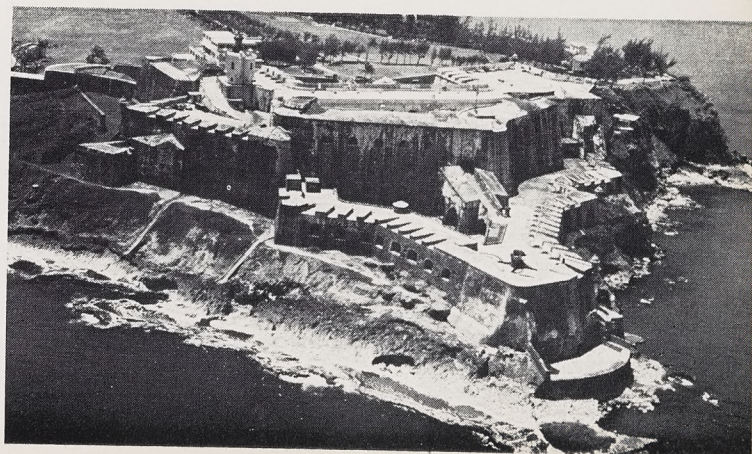
"The teeth, too?"

"Ahh, yes—that's the biggest secret. It is the big mistake made by so many girls who want to attract men. They think men first look at their bodies, their legs, and their ankles. But remember. A girl can keep poor legs covered—but she can't put her teeth into a dress."

Then she whispers: "Would you like a private demonstration of what I say, dar-leeng?"

Tahia edges closer, displaying a perfect set of glittering molars and bicuspid—all hers.

And another of life's great showcases is open to the overprivileged press.







## AMF GOES BOWLING 'ROUND THE WORLD



*Countries where AMF is and will be the first company to introduce American-style automated tenpin bowling commercially: Australia, Bahamas, Belgium, Bermuda, Denmark, England, Germany, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Sweden, Switzerland, Venezuela.*

**AMF Automatic Pinspotters**, which set the pins and return the ball automatically in the game of tenpin bowling, revolutionized the game and made it one of the most popular family sports in the United States. Now, AMF is introducing American-style automated tenpin bowling in countries overseas. In these countries, it is bringing a completely new form of recreation, and creating an impact on the economy through local ownership of bowling establishments or local manufacturing of bowling equipment. AMF Automatic Pinspotters and bowling thus join industrial machinery and nuclear research reactors as one of the ways in which AMF products are serving people in more than 80 countries around the world.



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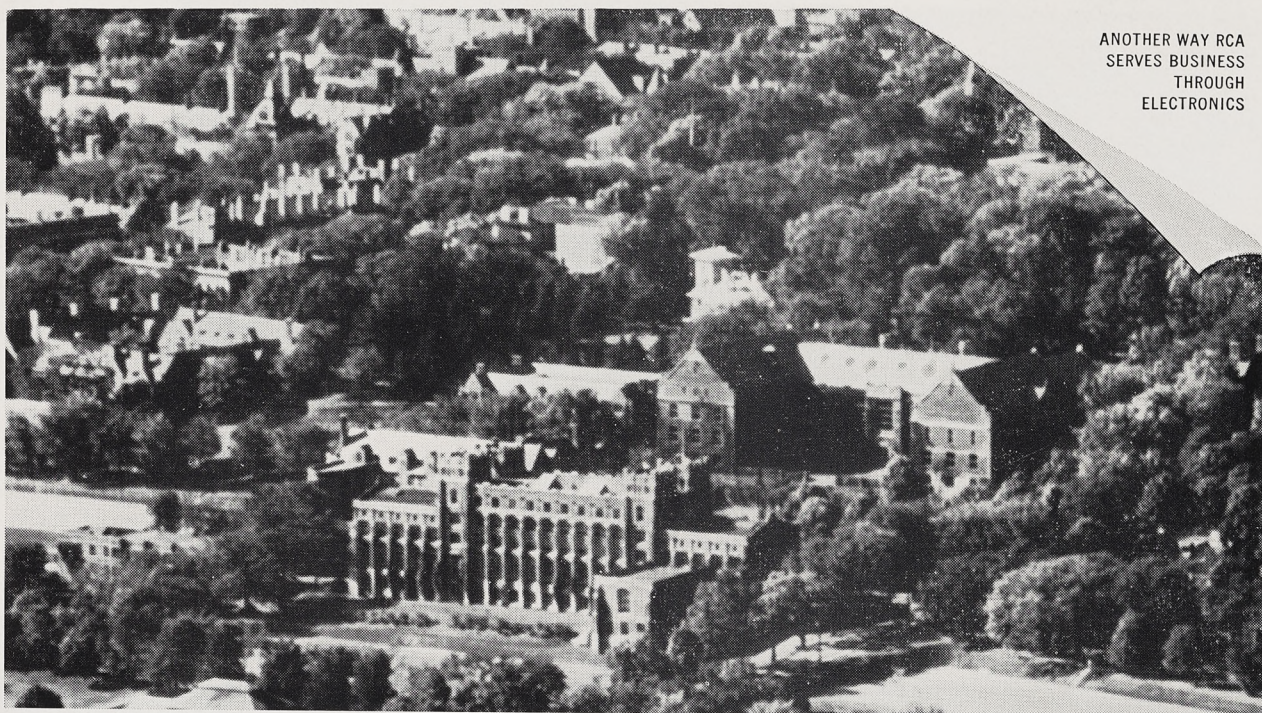
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ANOTHER WAY RCA  
SERVES BUSINESS  
THROUGH  
ELECTRONICS



Princeton, N. J.: Today the area around this historic educational center is one of the country's foremost communities of scientific research.

## **RCA Electronics helps build a new capital of science at Princeton, N. J.**

Explorers once looked for new opportunities beyond the mountains and the oceans. Today, our frontiers are somewhere out in space or deep inside the atom. The modern explorer is the research scientist. He seeks new ideas, new knowledge.

Research has been an important activity at RCA ever since it was founded in 1919. And eighteen years ago many scattered operations were united in the RCA David Sarnoff Research Center, which set the pattern for a new capital of industrial research at Princeton, N. J. Here, RCA provided gifted men with fine facilities—and created a cli-

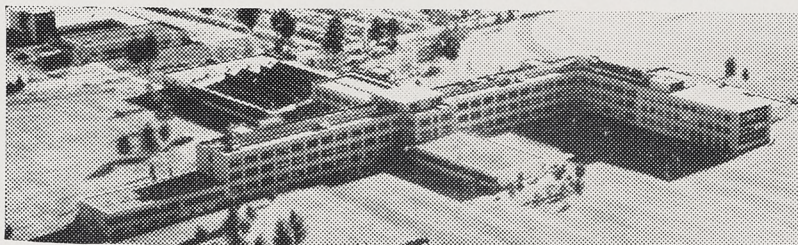
mate in which research thrives. Since then, many other institutions dedicated to research in a variety of fields have been erected in the area.

From RCA's vision has grown a reservoir of scientists and research men whose achievements put electronics into service on an ever-broadening front, and with such success that RCA means electronics—whether related to international communications, to the clearest performance of television in color or black-and-white, radio and stereophonic music or to national defense and the electronic conquests in space.

### **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**



The RCA David Sarnoff Research Center, dedicated in 1942, was one of the first industrial laboratories established in the Princeton area







**BOARD OF GOVERNORS:** Stanley M. Swinton, Dorothy L. Omansky, Lawrence G. Blochman, Joseph J. Wurzel. Not pictured here or at bottom: Pauline Frederick, Larry LeSueur, Marshall R. Loeb, William R. McAndrew, Harrison E. Salisbury.



**PRESIDENT** John Wilhelm (center), flanked by aides. On the left, Assistant to the President Arthur Milton; Secretary Will H. Yolen. On right, Treasurer Franz Weissblatt; Assistant Treasurer Matthew Bassity. The responsibilities of these officers are heavy.



**BOARD OF GOVERNORS:** William L. Laurence, Sigrid Schultz, Will Oursler, Richard de Rochemont. Board members are elected annually at OPC's April balloting.



## **PARDON**

The captions for the top and bottom photos  
on this page, as you can see, are transposed.  
Oh, damn!



# THE TOPSIDE

## *These Officers*

## *Run the OPC Show*

Will the government of Turkey ease its restrictive press laws? (The OPC has dispatched several stern protests to Ankara.)

What about the proposed nickel boost in the price of the OPC's spicy, king-size Bloody Mary? (Approved; but at 80 cents it's still the best drink in town.)

Shall the club sign new contracts with two labor unions representing club employees? (Yes, negotiations have been concluded to the satisfaction of all.)

These problems and decisions, on major and minor matters, all were thrashed out during the past year by the OPC's officers and governors who coordinate and direct all of the club's many activities.

Meeting regularly at least once a month—and frequently in vigorous special sessions—this group of dedicated members give anywhere from six to fifteen hours a week of their own time, without pay, to supervise OPC operations.

These elected officers are assisted by some 30 standing committees appointed to plan and operate a full schedule of serious and social events. As called for by the club's constitution, all officers and governors are active members, with a background of overseas news work.



**VICE PRESIDENTS:** John Luter, Third Vice President; Ben Grauer, Second Vice President; Ansel E. Talbert, First Vice President. They help preside.



**PAST PRESIDENTS:** Louis P. Lochner, Wayne Richardson, Burnet Hershey. Not in picture: Cecil Brown, W. W. Chaplin, Robert Considine, John Daly, William P. Gray, Frank Kelly, Lucian Kirtland, Eugene Lyons, J. Clifford Stark, Lowell Thomas, Thomas P. Whitney. Former President Wythe Williams, who was a founder, is deceased.

**ALTERNATES ON THE BOARD:** Joseph C. Peters, George A. McDonald, Henry Gellermann, Leon Dennen. They often serve in members' absence.



PHOTOS BY TONY ROLLO



# WORLD PRESS CENTER

## *That's What the Drive For Funds Will Build*

An OPC World Press Center Fund Drive for \$435,000 is now at the halfway mark. It is expected that the membership goal of \$135,000 (members have been most generous in this phase of the campaign) will be achieved by the evening of the Awards Dinner, and the fund-drive committee will also announce at that time additional pledges in excess of \$100,000 bringing the building fund total to \$235,000.

Now the committee, spearheaded by Clare Boothe Luce, Edward R. Murrow, Bob Considine, and Ben Wright, will seek major pledges from others who are vitally interested in the establishment of a World Press Center in New York. The following individuals and firms, listed in chronological order, have already pledged \$1,000 or more: William Benton, Laurance Rockefeller, Marshall Field Jr., Harry Scherman, Philip Cortney, John S. Knight, Thomas J. Watson Jr., Henry Ford II, Samuel I. Newhouse, DeWitt Wallace, Gardner Cowles, Joseph P. Kennedy, Henry R. Luce, Malcolm Muir Sr., Hill & Knowlton, Bernard Baruch, Joseph E. Levine, New York Stock Exchange, Fairchild Publications, McGraw-Hill, Oveta Culp Hobby, Ford Motor Co. Fund, International Tel & Tel, General Dynamics, The New York Times Foundation, Henry Crown, W. Atlee Burpee Co., Chrysler Fund, General Motors Corp., Standard Oil (N.J.), DuPont Fund, Mr. and Mrs. Giovanni Buitoni.

Once the drive is completed the club has two proposals under consideration to enlarge its facilities. The first plan would entail expanding the present 39th Street headquarters into "the building next door" which the OPC's



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE



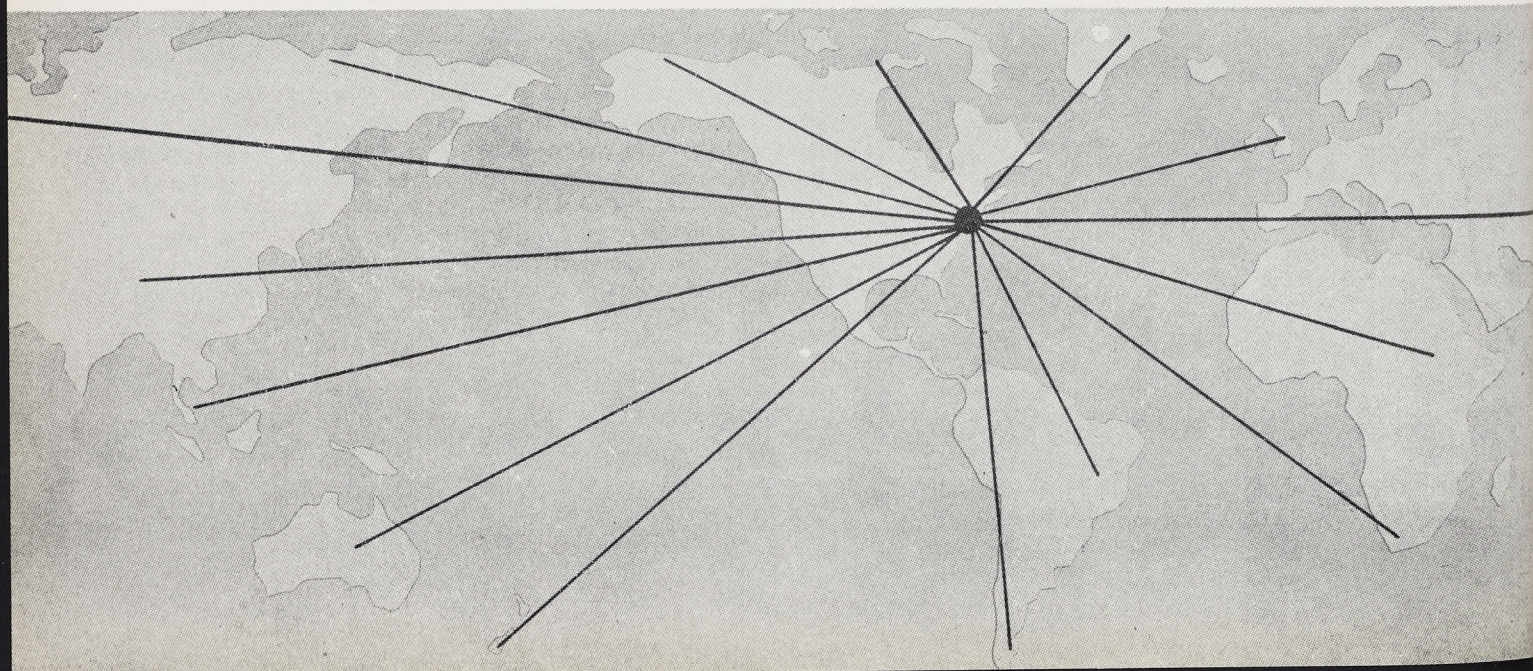
ROBERT CONSIDINE



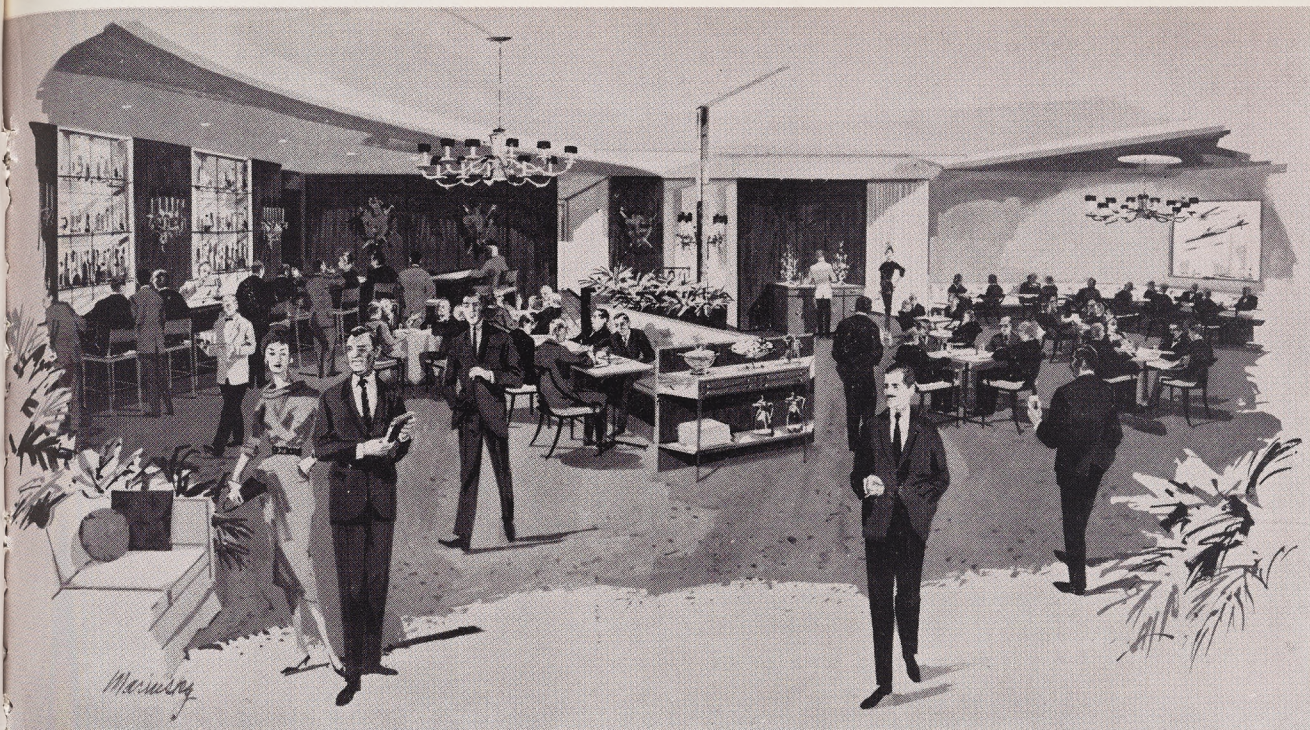
EDWARD R. MURROW



BEN WRIGHT

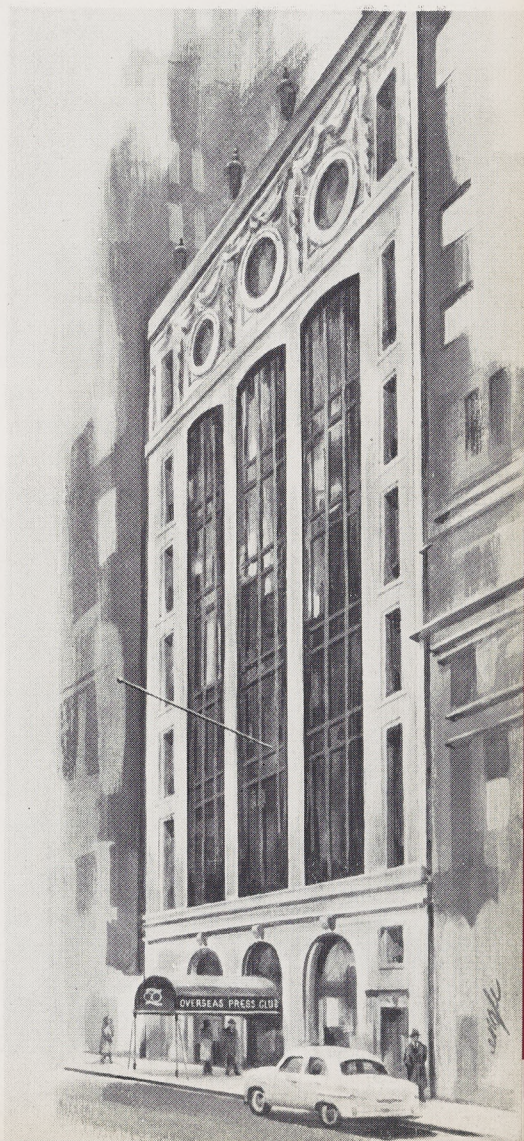






Correspondents Fund also owns. However, it is no secret that the OPC has received a handsome offer for these two buildings from a group anxious to build another Mid-town skyscraper on this (and the Dartmouth and Princeton Clubs) site. This would mean, of course, that the club would have to move. Several structures are now under survey, all with many floors which could be renovated to provide large dining areas and lounges, an auditorium, a fully equipped press room, an expanded Memorial Library, photographic exhibition galleries, committee rooms, and special space for social and recreational activities. (Artist renditions of such a Mid-town headquarters and one of its dining salons appear on this page.)

The importance of expanding the OPC into an effective World Press Center is perhaps best underscored by quoting from a letter to prospective contributors which has been signed by Clare Boothe Luce: "I, personally, have worked hard and long for the club because I believe it is making a valuable, perhaps unique, contribution to our American heritage of a free and forceful press."





# OPC ROLL CALL

## *Highlights '59:*

### *The Big Names,*

### *The Big Nights*

For the first fifteen years of its sprightly life, the Overseas Press Club bounced around from one roosting place to another in much the same way that its correspondent members did. It is barely five years—since Dec. 13, 1954, to be exact—that the OPC has been installed in its present quarters; and now a tremendous building-fund drive is reaching its climax to secure an even larger headquarters in New York.

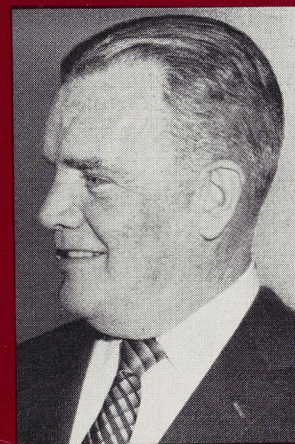
The character that sets the OPC apart from almost any other club you can name is that the club, like its membership, is active, ever-changing, and alert to the times.

In a sense, the OPC is really two clubs in one: A haven of good cheer, in whose bar and dining rooms can always be found a company that is not only one of the merriest in town but also one of the best-informed; and secondly an organization that performs a more sober-sided but extremely valuable function as a center for forums, seminars, and conferences where leading figures of the day come to speak and to be questioned.

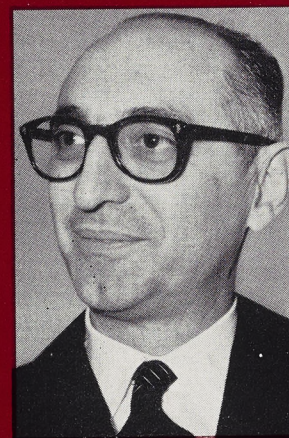
The photographs on these pages recall some of the highlights of the past year. Perhaps the most notable was the appearance of Cuba's Fidel Castro who, on his first visit to the U.S. after taking over the reins in Havana, chose the OPC for the main speech of his stay in New York. So great was the demand for reservations at the Castro luncheon that it had to be moved from the club to the Astor Hotel, where more than 800 turned up. It was probably the first time that the Astor witnessed a foreign head in an open-necked khaki shirt.



**State Department's  
Douglas Dillon**

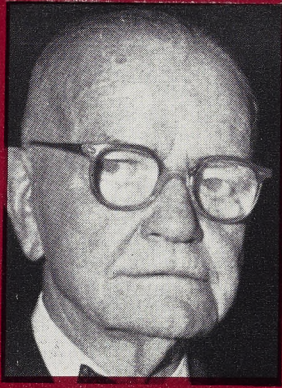


**"Bastogne" General  
Anthony McAuliffe**

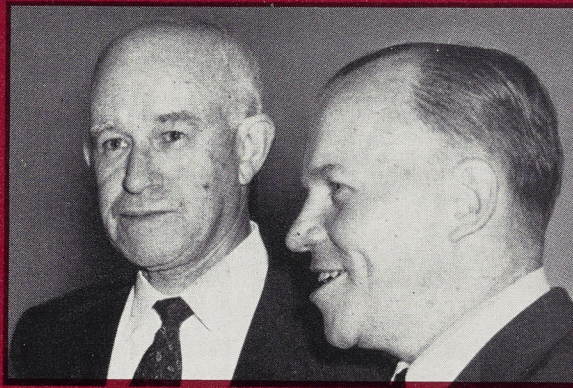


**Argentina's  
Arturo Frondizi**

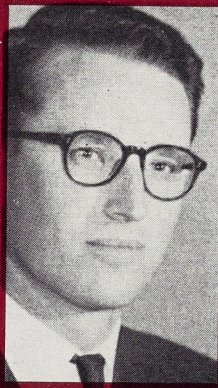




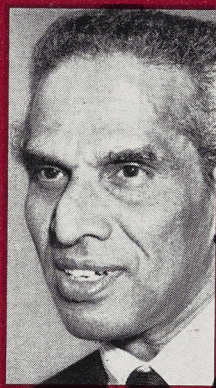
**Admiral  
William Halsey**



**Gen. Bradley with the A. P.'s Hal Boyle**



**Belgium's  
King Baudouin**



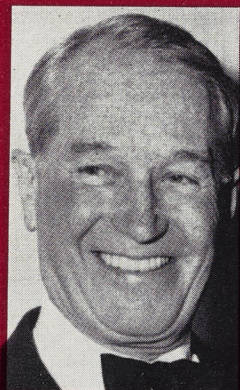
**India's  
Krishna Menon**



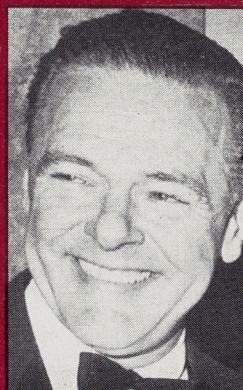
**Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro**



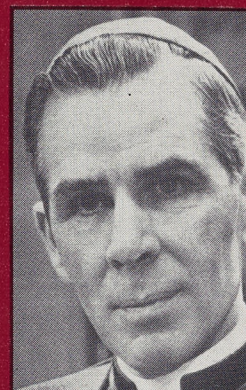
**Israel's  
Abba Eban**



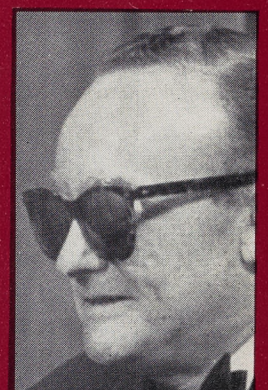
**France's  
Maurice Chevalier**



**U.N. Ambassador  
Henry Cabot Lodge**



**New York Bishop  
Fulton J. Sheen**



**Labor Columnist  
Victor Riesel**





**Bordeaux Night**



**Norwegian Night**

In addition to entertaining the captains and the kings, the OPC conducts a wide range of other activities. There are the occasional reunions for groups of correspondents who covered various theaters of war together. The Pacific reunion, for example, was graced by the late Admiral Halsey; the North African reunion by Gen. Omar Bradley; the Battle of the Bulge reunion by General McAuliffe of Bastogne and "Nuts" fame.

Then there are the Regional Dinners, held once a month, each of which features food, drink, and entertainment from specific sections of the world. Last year's Bordeaux night, for instance, brought a variety of that sunny area's finest wines to the OPC tables—not to mention delicate dishes of Bordeaux prepared by our chef who happens to come from Bordeaux himself. The Norwegian night is becoming a tradition, always being held as Christmas approaches.

The Christmas season also brings the annual party for the children of the members, usually with a magician on hand.

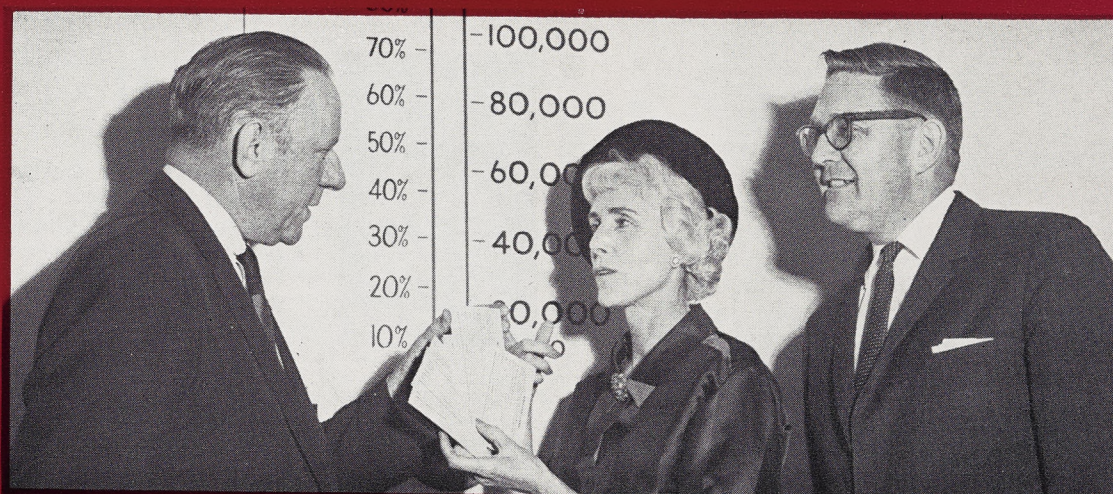
A recent innovation is the annual Conference for College Editors, the second of which—bringing student journalists from all over the country together for four days—was held over the recent Washington's Birthday long weekend. A hundred and fifty young editors were present for discussions, seminars, panels, etc., in which 75 correspondents and other foreign experts participated. Sen. John Kennedy was one of the two main speakers; the other was George Allen of the USIA.

But of all the year's bustle of gatherings and festivities, serious or gay, none is more important than the Annual Awards Dinner, which it is the purpose of this volume to celebrate.





**A Christmas Party for Children of OPC Members**



**Fund Raisers Considine, Luce, and Wilhelm at Pledge Chart**

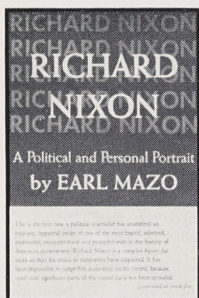


**Senator Kennedy and College Editors at OPC Forum**

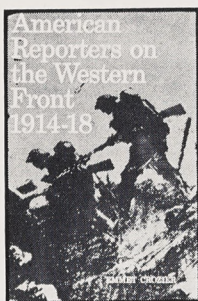


# TALKING BOOKS

**These Lively Authors  
Faced the Critics**



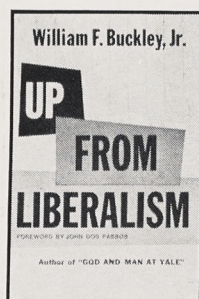
Richard Nixon by **Earl Mazo** (Harper): Objective? Mazo thought his own book was. One panelist deemed it favorable to Nixon; two thought it unfavorable. What is an author to do when critics disagree?



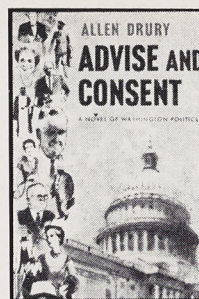
American Reporters on the Western Front 1914-18, by **Emmet Crozier** (Oxford University Press): Memories of the coverage of the first world war, by ten of the fifteen newsmen who reported it.



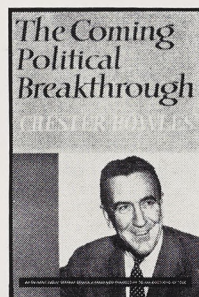
The Longest Day by **Cornelius J. Ryan** (Simon & Schuster). A critical judgment of Ryan's D-Day book by a panel of generals, war correspondents, and others, added up to the eulogism: "This is how it was."



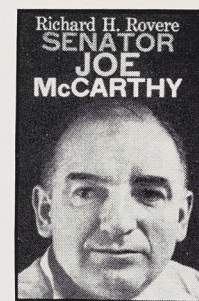
Up From Liberalism by **William F. Buckley, Jr.** (McDowell, Obolensky): "The case for the conservatives" drew an "Amen" from one panelist, a dissent from another, and objections from the moderator.



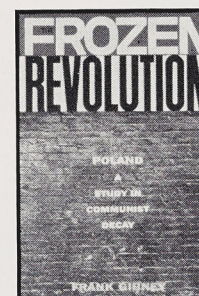
Advise and Consent by **Allen Drury** (Doubleday): "A review of 1959's best-selling novel about the Senate floor," which won praise as one of the best political novels about Washington ever written.



The Coming Political Breakthrough by **Chester Bowles** (Harper): "A preview of the 1960 Presidential campaign debates" by one of America's leading and most articulate liberal spokesmen.



Senator Joe McCarthy by **Richard Rovere** (Harcourt, Brace & Co.): "The most controversial figure in modern U.S. politics, as seen by Rovere, who covered him in the U.S. Senate and elsewhere."



The Frozen Revolution by **Frank Gibney** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy): "The story of Poland under Communism, as seen by three Americans and one Pole." Gibney is lucid and penetrating in this volume.



The Human Side of F.D.R. by **Richard Harpity and Ralph G. Martin** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce): "Roosevelt in retrospect, by two original New Dealers who were his friends as well as political allies."



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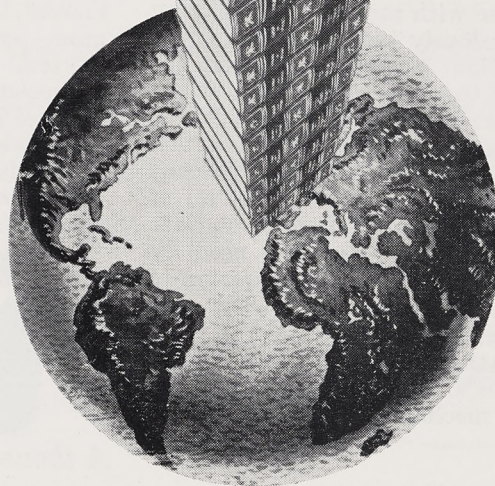
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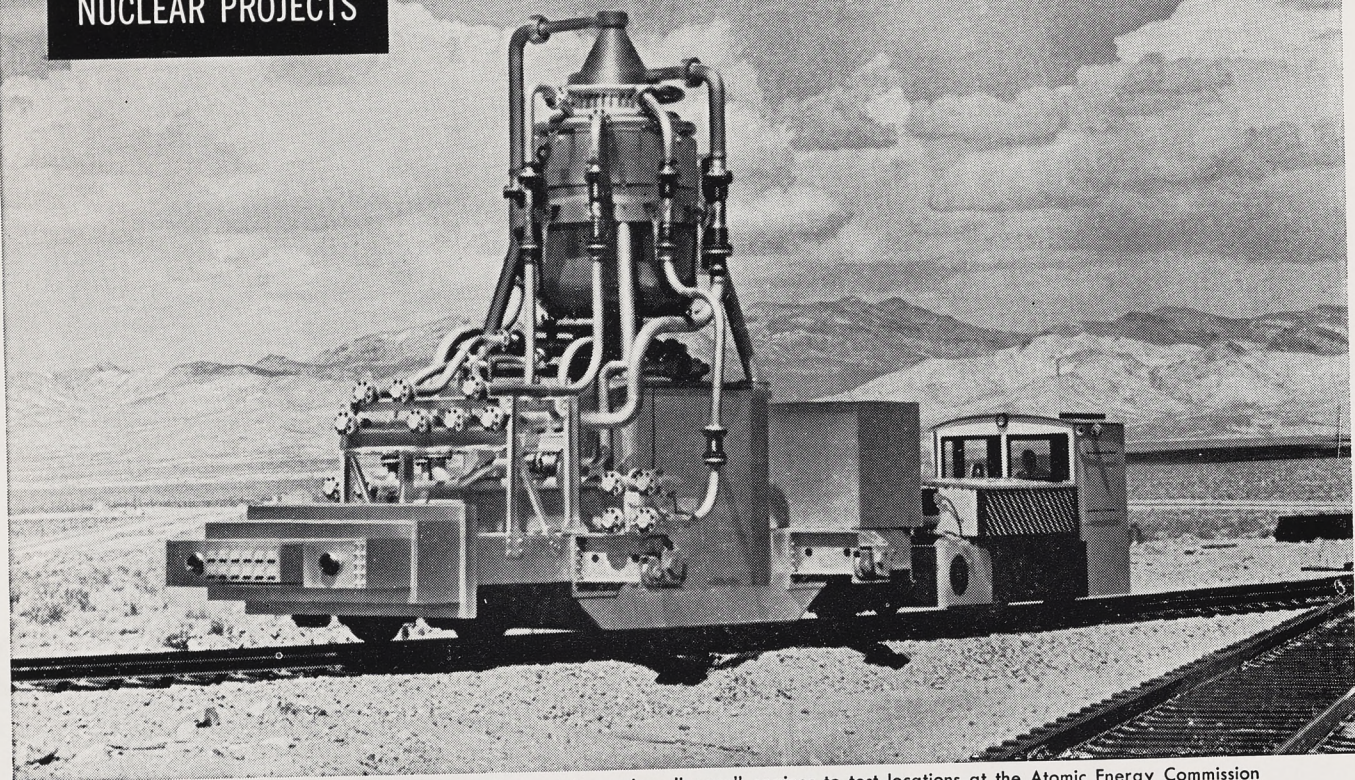
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## MORE NEWS ABOUT BENDIX NUCLEAR PROJECTS



This odd vehicle, sometimes remotely controlled, carries nuclear "space" engines to test locations at the Atomic Energy Commission facility at Jackass Flats, Nevada. Bendix will supply some of the control rod drive mechanisms to regulate the power of these engines.

## THREE NUCLEAR ENGINES IN RACE FOR AIR-SPACE SUPREMACY

In the all-out race for space and air supremacy the United States is developing three mighty nuclear engines—a nuclear aircraft engine, a nuclear ramjet and a nuclear rocket engine. They are for use in planes, missiles and space vehicles.

Today's missiles gulp gigantic fuel loads in seconds. By comparison, the ramjet and aircraft engines, powered with atomic fuel, will have tremendously increased range just as nuclear power has greatly increased the range of submarines. The nuclear rocket engine will also deliver far greater thrust per pound of fuel.

Bendix® is playing a significant part in the development of all of these engines. A Bendix nuclear research reactor is being used by the Atomic Energy Commission in connection with the nuclear aircraft engine.

For the nuclear ramjet and rocket engines, Bendix supplies control rod drive mechanisms, which regulate

the power generated in the atom-splitting, heat-producing process. In this case we are applying experience gained in building control rod drive mechanisms for Navy submarines and for the prototype engine for the Navy's first nuclear-powered surface ship.

Similar Bendix control mechanisms also regulate the Shippingport reactor, the first full-scale industrial atom power plant in the United States. It is operated by the Duquesne Light and Power Company of Pittsburgh.

To warn of trouble and automatically shut down reactors when safety requires, Bendix developed a transistorized "cut-off" switch for

the large research reactor being built for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Radiation damage tests are being performed for the Air Force. Transistorized nuclear instrumentation is being supplied to the Army Package Power Reactor at Fort Belvoir. This project deals with reactors to supply power in remote locations, such as the Arctic, where fuel is lacking.

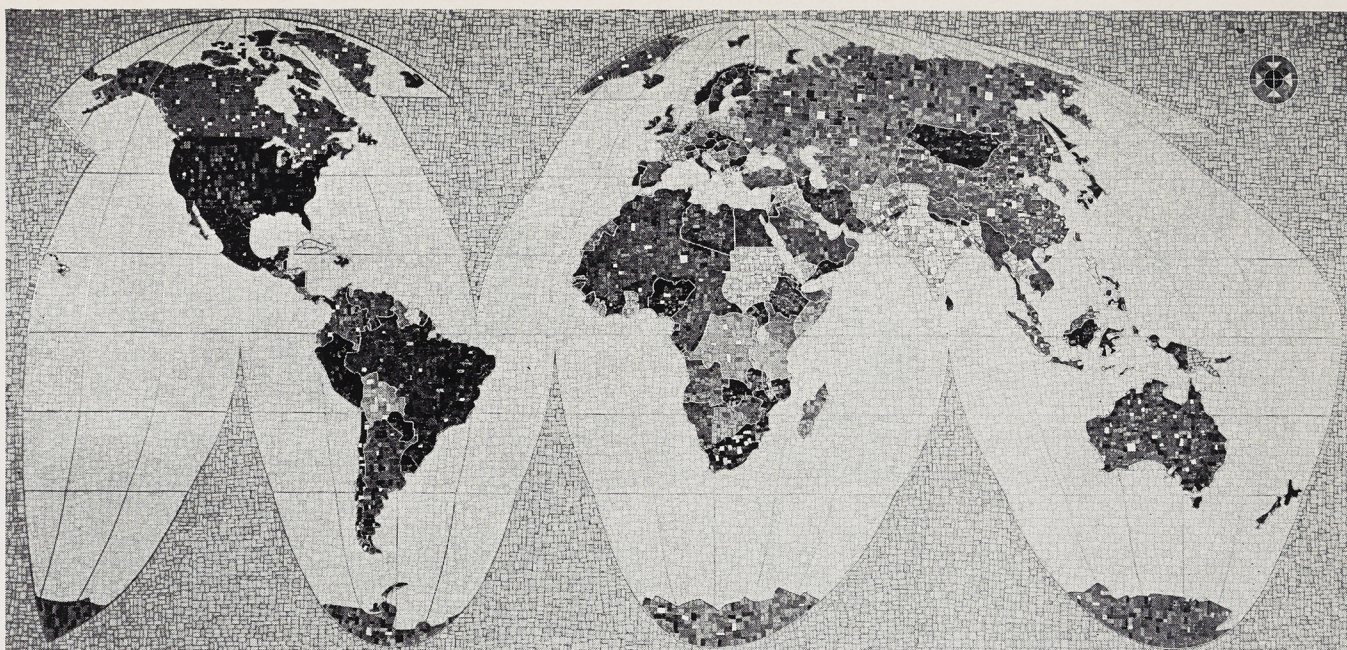
To help train nuclear engineers, a Bendix research reactor is being built for the University of Kansas. Bendix is also associated in the development of the reactor which will supply industrial power to the Detroit Edison System.

As a further indication of long experience in this new field, Bendix has operated the Kansas City Division for the past ten years. It is a large AEC facility covering 1,300,000 square feet, employing nearly 8,000 people, and is devoted to the atomic weapons program.



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*FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

## AROUND THE WORLD

Most people associate Ford Motor Company with Detroit—"The Automobile Capital of the World." But the scope of Ford operations actually covers the globe. An industrial citizen in more than 50 American communities, Ford also has facilities and sales locations employing approximately 99,000 people in 24 foreign countries. These world-wide operations include: Ford Motor Company Limited, the second largest automotive producer in England; Ford of Germany, Ford of Mexico, and Ford of Canada, a company producing

a substantial share of Canadian cars and trucks, and with wholly owned subsidiaries in Australia, New Zealand and Malaya. Ford Motor Company also has sales and assembly operations in Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Egypt, Finland, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Sweden, and four strategic localities in South America as well as a sales office in France.

We are pleased and proud that Ford Motor Company activities continue to grow as a major industrial force throughout the entire free world.

FOR THE WORLD'S HIGHWAYS; FARMS; AND INDUSTRIES







*McGraw-Hill is proud that its Director of News Bureaus, John Wilhelm, is serving this year as President of the Overseas Press Club of America.*



# "THIS IS SANDERS IN TOKYO... GIBSON IN MOSCOW... MARASHIAN FROM BEIRUT..."

Business news, so important to you and your customers, may be made at any moment at any mark on the globe. We are there, ready to report it accurately and succinctly to more than a million key men in business and industry who pay to read our publications. Through our World News Bureaus, business news streams in via teletype, telephone, cable, airmail. Like this:

**"Sanders in Tokyo**, exclusive to NUCLEONICS . . . a highly competitive situation has just erupted between American and British reactor suppliers. Technical debate is now raging between the exponents of the two systems. Effect on Japanese reactor program can be . . ."

**"This is Gibson in Moscow**, special to CHEMICAL WEEK, PURCHASING WEEK, BUSINESS WEEK . . . I have just talked with an American businessman here who is interested in making a sizable purchase of Russian sulphite. Prices could stagger the international market, and . . ."

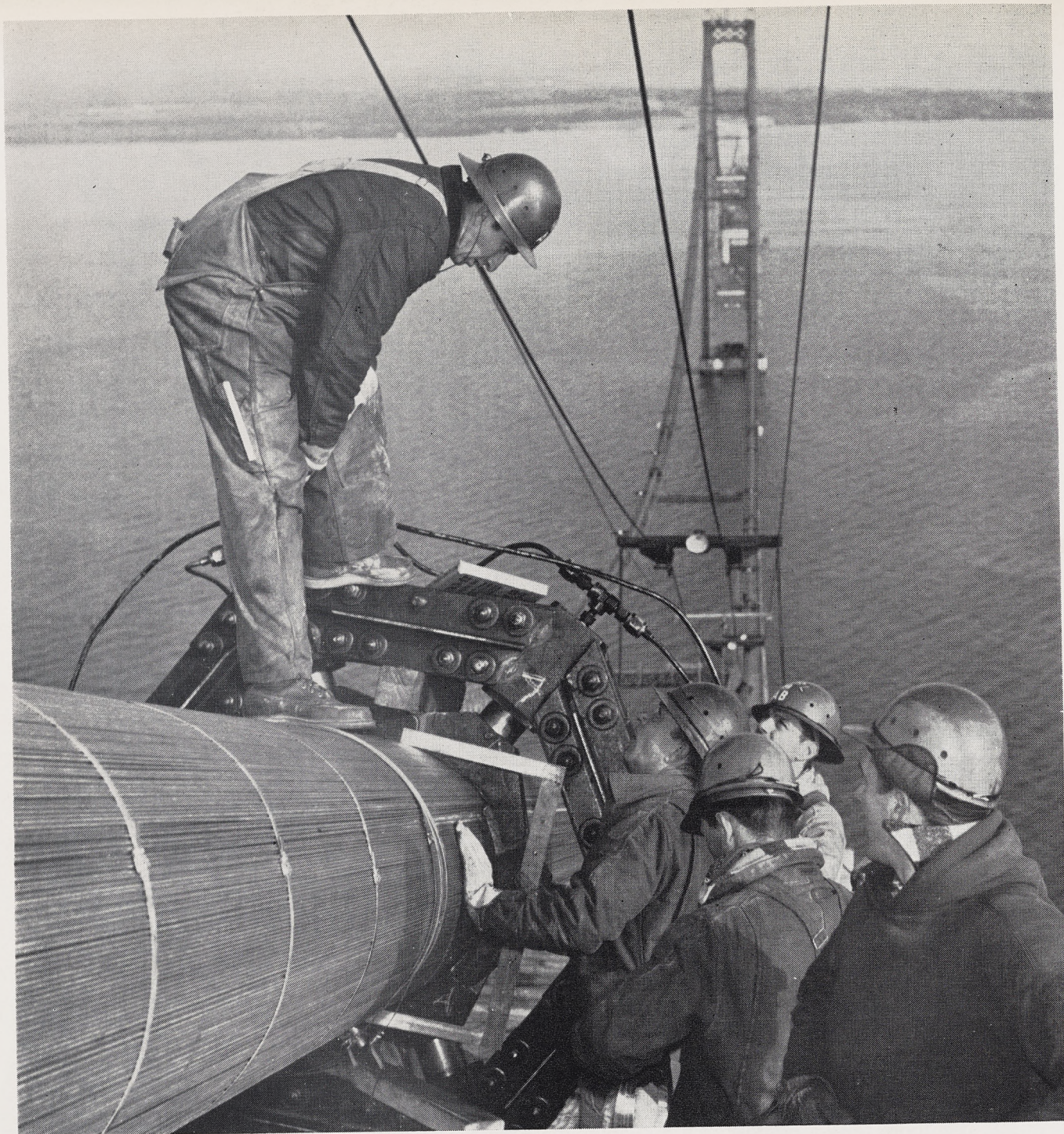
**"Marashian from Beirut**, urgent to PETROLEUM WEEK . . . This is a minute-by-minute record of a highly secret meeting of native leaders here at the Arab Oil Congress. The possible repercussions to American oil interests are considerable . . ."

These are only three of the sixty-five staff correspondents who report to McGraw-Hill editors from eight foreign news bureaus and nine domestic news bureaus, supplemented by correspondents in one hundred and twenty-four other key cities here and abroad. They file more than a quarter of a million words a week—news of business and industry, and the economic and political events affecting them. No other publisher we know of does this. But then, no other publisher has such a sizable responsibility to so many businessmen like yourself.



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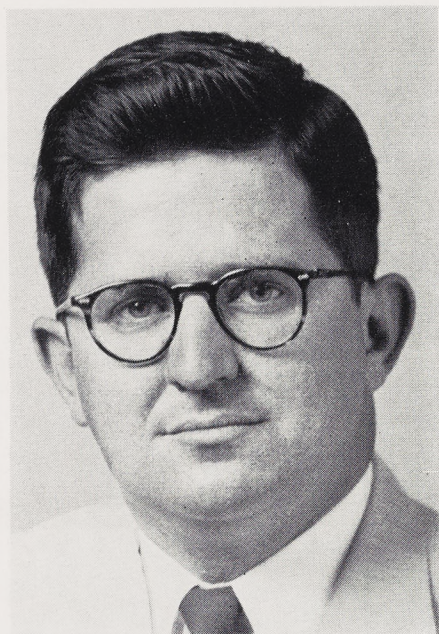


# O P C AWARDS 1 9 6 0

- Class 1. Best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad.
- Class 2. Best radio or television reporting from abroad.
- Class 3. Best photographic reporting (still) from abroad.
- Class 4. Best photographic reporting (motion picture) from abroad.
- Class 5. Best magazine reporting of foreign affairs.
- Class 6. Best interpretation of foreign affairs,
- Class 7. Best interpretation of foreign affairs, radio or television.
- Class 8. Best book on foreign affairs.
- Class 9. The Ed Stout Award for the best article or report on Latin America (any medium).
- Class 10. The E. W. Fairchild Award for the best business news reporting from abroad (any medium).
- Class 11. The Robert Capa Award for superlative photography, still or motion picture, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.



# BEST PRESS REPORTING FROM ABROAD



A. M. Rosenthal

When New York Timesman A. M. Rosenthal arrived in Warsaw in 1958 after a four-year stint in India, he soon learned that "every newspaperman working in a Communist country has to take the possibility of expulsion into consideration. It is a strong weapon in the hands of the government and they quickly let the newspaperman know it." But despite pressures from the Communist regime, the scholarly looking 37-year-old reporter began sending back a series of brilliant dispatches that penetrated deeply into the discontent he found which characterizes almost all aspects of life in contemporary Poland. By November, the Red leadership had had enough of Abe Rosenthal's diligent legwork and thoughtful analysis and resorted to their ultimate weapon—expulsion. But from his exile in Vienna (he is now stationed in Geneva), Rosenthal had the last word in a widely quoted five-part series that documented the ever-widening gulf between the men at the top in Poland and the great mass of the people. It is for this series and for his day-to-day reporting under the most difficult conditions that the Overseas Press Club bestows its Class 1 award on Abe Rosenthal.

**A. M. Rosenthal,**  
**The N. Y. Times:**  
**For Poland Series**

## **Poland Is Reducing Her Role in Liaison Of Soviet and West**

*This is the last of five articles on Poland by a correspondent of The New York Times who was recently expelled from that country for having "probed too deeply" into Polish affairs.*

**By A. M. ROSENTHAL**

*Special to The New York Times.*

VIENNA, Dec. 3—The Polish Communist Government is faced with the fact that its international role is dwindling. It is dwindling as a sort of conduit between East and West and it is dwindling within the Soviet bloc. But in a strange and important way this diminution of importance is not a matter for despair for Wladyslaw Gomulka, the head of Poland's Communist party, but a matter of satisfaction.

Poland's international role is becoming less significant, not because of any great machinations but because two things made it virtually inevitable: the trend of East-West power relations in the last year, and the development of communism in Eastern Europe in the last three years.

In October, 1958, Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki of Poland visited Oslo, Norway. This visit of the beautifully mannered and beautifully groomed Communist diplomat to an ally of the West had importance. It was one of the moves the Poles

*with the arrival of the*

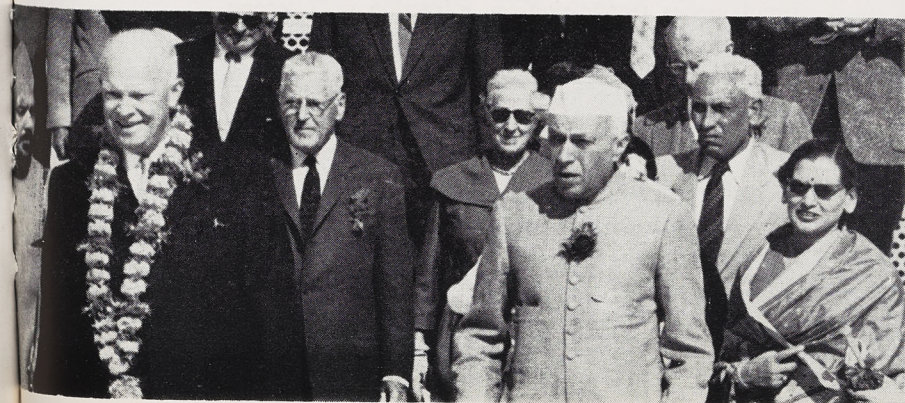


# BEST RADIO OR TV REPORTING FROM ABROAD

## **CBS's "Eyewitness To History": For Ike's Asian Tour**

To cover last year's historic Eisenhower good-will journey through Europe, Asia, and Africa, CBS Television hired a DC-4 and stuffed it full of cameras, Video tape recorders, sound equipment, and the advance guard of an army of 64 newsmen and technicians. The CBS plane, however, almost never left the ground at Idlewild airport. The CAB ruled that the plane, whose sides were literally torn open in order to get some of the heavy equipment aboard, would have to undergo a close fuselage inspection. Fortunately for an estimated 30 million viewers who saw the "Eyewitness to History" programs last December, the CAB gave its approval and CBS was off and winging with Ike.

Out of this came a memorable series of five programs distilled from 81 thousand feet of film and tape. The result was that "Eyewitness to History" accomplished expertly what television does best—conveying a sense of immediacy. The programs were produced by Leslie Midgley and directed by Don Hewitt.







Cartier-Bresson

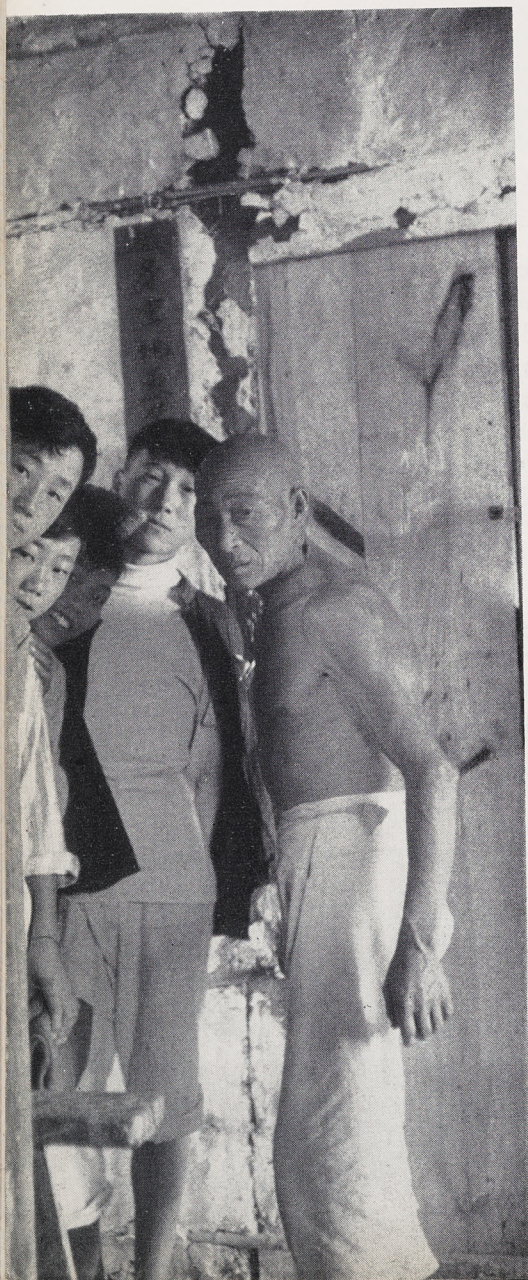
# BEST STILL

## PHOTOGRAPHS

### FROM ABROAD

#### *Cartier-Bresson* *For Life Photos:* *Red China Report*

A third Overseas Press Club Award for photography goes to 51-year-old Henri Cartier-Bresson—this time for his spectacular eighteen-page photographic essay on Red China which appeared in the Jan. 5, 1959, issue of *Life*. The result of a four-month, 7,000-mile trip through China, Cartier-Bresson's essay masterfully recorded the face of the people and the changing land in the "great leap forward." Working quietly and unobtrusively, as usual, Cartier-Bresson took his camera to towns, farms, and factories to capture such scenes as the one shown on this page: Four puzzled peasants looking out from the doorway of their hut on the Yangtze River. (Five days later, their cooperative was summarily incorporated into a commune.) A founder of the Magnum picture agency, Cartier-Bresson operates out of Paris. The French artist's wide-ranging assignments have taken him everywhere including Gandhi's India (1949 award) and Soviet Russia (1954 award). Of his work, Cartier-Bresson says: "To me photography is the simultaneous recognition, in a fraction of a second, of the significance of an event as well as of a precise organization of forms which give that event its proper expression."







Henry Toluzzi

## BEST MOVIE

## PHOTOGRAPHY

## FROM ABROAD

***NBC Cameraman***  
***Henry Toluzzi:***  
***"Operation Noah"***

When Swiss-born "Hank" Toluzzi was covering the Normandy landings for OWI, he found "my English was not fluent and I couldn't file copy quickly." So he switched to the movie camera. Since then, Hank has carved out a reputation for taking tough assignments for NBC News—revolutions in Egypt, riots in Trieste, Mau Mau uprisings, near-wars in Yemen and Lebanon. Operation Noah (sample film clip right) is his picture story of how Rhodesia's rangers rescued thousands of wild animals from the Zambezi valley, flooded by the new Kariba Dam. Best shot: A wart hog charging the camera. "There'll be a slight but noticeable jerk," Hank wrote NBC, "where I had to dodge behind a tree."





# BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

## *The Berliners Make Their Choice*

GEORGE BAILEY

**L**ATE LAST SUMMER, during his annual vacation on the shores of the Black Sea, Walter Ulbricht, First Secretary of the S.E.D., or Socialist Unity (i.e., Communist) Party of East Germany, put his situation to Nikita Khrushchev in forceful terms: "If the Soviet Union can't get the Allies out of Berlin, I can't hold East Germany." Ulbricht was not exaggerating. Since the founding of the "German Democratic Republic" it had proved impossible to stabilize this artificial state. Now, both politically and economically, matters had at last reached a critical stage.

Politically, the S.E.D. had been bedeviled by an unending series of internal crises, purges, and defections. The eight-man Politburo (with an additional four voteless "candidates") and the nine-man Secretariat of the Central Committee have always been in a state of flux. The only constants in these top echelons have been Ulbricht, President of the Republic Wilhelm Pieck, now eighty-two and decrepit, and Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl, a turncoat Socialist who has just suffered a severe stroke and may be on his deathbed. The chief reason for this chaos is a basic division of allegiance even among many of the top Communist functionaries. Ulbricht himself re-

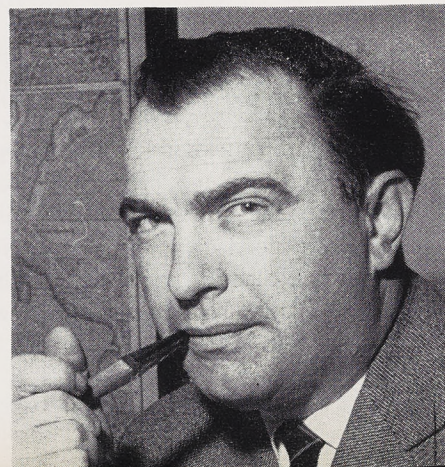
German man the of East unificat sometin only be To con forced t even tig added "flight the Eas ceasing West G

**Drang**

Since 19 German is roug present (Include than re and me People's seven re already structur tion. In Grotewo this scor "It is German bered r 1945, w 17,300,0

## *George Bailey, The Reporter: Germany Today*

Millions of words have been written about Berlin—the postwar world's oldest established permanent floating crisis. To bring fresh insight into the complexities of the German problem is a major journalistic feat, and no one has done it better than George Bailey (photo below) in his probing, lucidly balanced articles for *The Reporter*. A tweedy, hulking, hugely energetic correspondent, Bailey has covered the Hungarian revolt from Budapest, served a stint in Moscow; he also contributes to British magazines, broadcasts free-lance for ABC. Chicago-born (in 1919), he took his B.A. in Latin and Greek at Columbia, his M.A. in English Lit. at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he also developed fluency in some of the six languages he now speaks (Hungarian, German, Russian, French, Italian, Greek). "There's something sort of bullish about him," says Phil Horton, *The Reporter's* executive editor. "He's rather noisy, a sloppy guy who's very entertaining." Currently, Bailey is writing a book. Subject: Germany.





# BEST PRESS INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

**Walter Lippmann, New York Herald Tribune:  
For Analysis of Germany and Mideast Problems**

Today and Tomorrow

## The Berlin Crisis

By WALTER LIPPMANN



Lippmann

*This is the last of a series of four articles by Mr. Lippmann on "The Two Germanys and Berlin."*

AT THE end, the question for us is how we should deal with a situation which neither we nor the Russians can change. We cannot change the fact that there exist two German states and that West Berlin is a special problem.

The Soviet Union will not allow East Germany to be absorbed into the West-  
~~ern military and political community.~~

close political union with the Prussians and the Saxons of the East. What Dr. Adenauer distrusts and fears is German nationalism, which in its most respectable form derives from Bismarck and in its most degraded and malignant form from Hitler.

His doctrine of not recognizing the East German state is a defense against German nationalism which, if it goes on a rampage for German unity, may upset the whole present NATO the

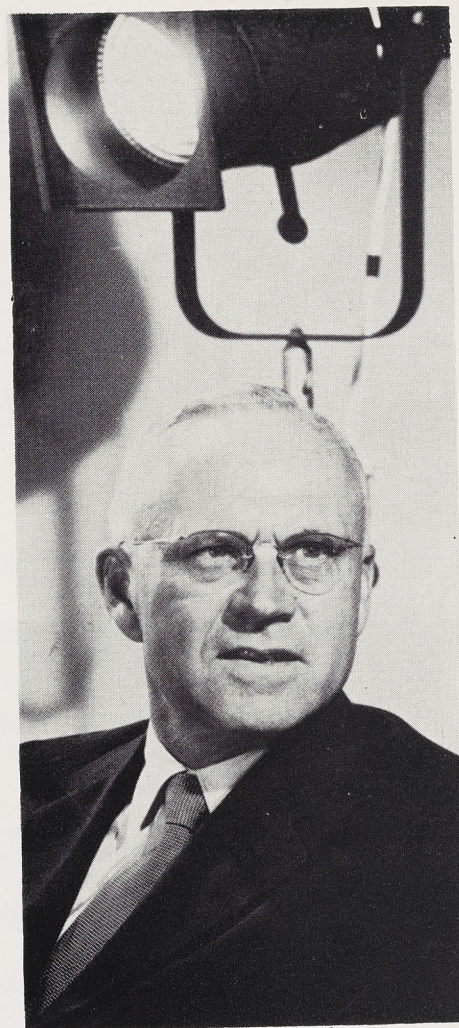
For his prizewinning series of articles on Germany, Egypt, India, and Iran, Walter Lippmann conducted scores of on-the-spot interviews abroad; then in trenchant prose clearly and eloquently pointed out the major problems facing each nation, and offered possible solutions. Of the scholarly Lippmann, The New York Times' Scotty Reston once said: "While philosophy may be his love, journalism has been his mistress and the amazing thing is that he has managed to be faithful to both." For 28 years, in his widely syndicated column, "Today and To-

morrow," Lippmann has written thoughtfully of world affairs. And, at 70, he is writing with increasing vigor and with a broadening perspective which even allows him to treat on occasion such topics as payola and television. The New York Herald Tribune, his flagship paper, says of him: "No other has written with such crystalline clarity on world problems requiring an olympian detachment. And few, if any, have matched Walter Lippmann's totally dispassionate approach to superheated, emotion-rousing issues."



# BEST RADIO OR TV INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

*ABC's Quincy Howe:  
For His Analysis  
Of K's Speeches*



Quincy Howe

QUINCY HOWE....Excerpts from 9/18/59 Newscast....6:15-6:30 PM EDT

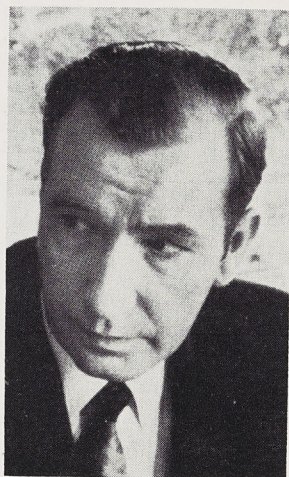
This broadcast originates in the ABC-radio-television booth at the United Nations General Assembly where Soviet Premier Khrushchev spent what seemed like two hours earlier this afternoon delivering an address that actually lasted only a little more than one. During his previous appearances in this country, Khrushchev has departed from his prepared script. This time, though, he read what was put before him. You could tell it by listening and looking. What's more ABC's special Russian translator Nicholas Orloff who has passed on to our listeners many ad-libs with which Khrushchev spiced his other talks reported no such deviations this time. And there was not much deviation either from the disarmament offer that Soviet Foreign Minister Litvinov laid before the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1932. Premier Khrushchev referred to this offer but he did not mention Litvinov as the man who made it: Litvinov, the next to last Jew to hold high office in the Soviet Union. The last one, Lazar Kaganovich succumbed two years ago to one of Khrushchev's painless purges and has now vanished into the shadows -- though not into the beyond.

Although it has been almost 40 years since Quincy Howe was graduated from Harvard, listeners to his nightly ABC newscasts still detect an occasional trace of Cambridge in his gravelly voice. This academic quality also betrays itself in Howe's friendly, slightly professorial manner as well as in the studied, scholarly calm with which he analyzes each day's news. There is a good reason for all this. Besides his extensive experience in broadcasting, publishing, magazine journalism, and as a historian and author, the gallant Mr. Howe was a professor of journalism for four years at the University of Illinois. This wide-ranging background gives Howe's nightly newscasts an unusual depth of focus and perspective, as he demonstrated last September after Khrushchev's famous disarmament speech before the U.N.



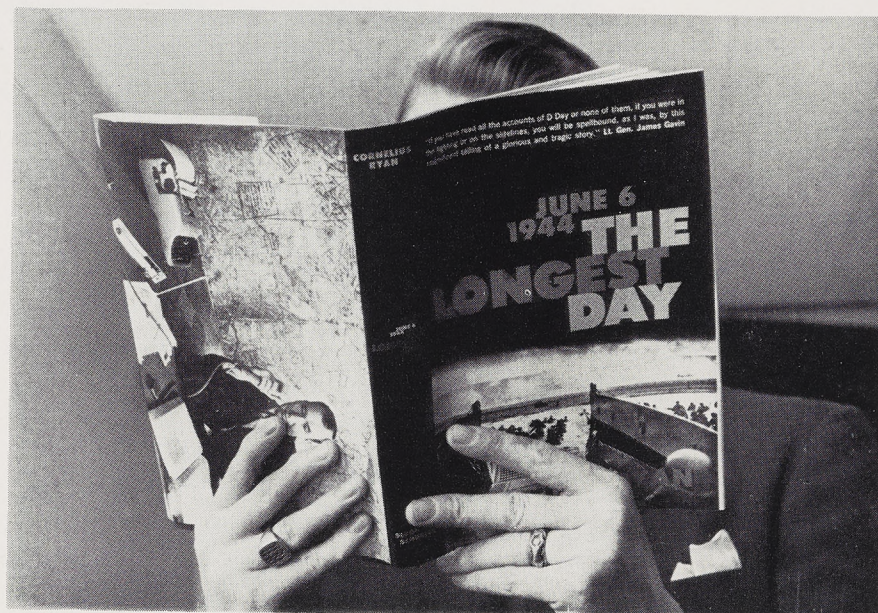
# BEST BOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

## **Cornelius Ryan's "The Longest Day": D Day as It Was**



Cornelius Ryan

In the eighteen years that Cornelius Ryan has been writing, a flood of material has come out of his typewriter. He is the author of five books ("One Minute to Ditch" won an OPC award in 1957), some 70 major magazine pieces, and a variety of TV scripts, movie scripts, and plays. Before that Ryan was on the beaches on D Day as a newspaper correspondent, and his sixth book—"The Longest Day"—is the result not only of his own experience, but of the careful research and reporting which are marks of his professional dedication. Ryan's second prize-winning book was encouraged and financed by The Reader's Digest, and two installments of that stirring story appeared in that magazine before Simon & Schuster brought it out in hard covers. However, the Gaelic charm of Ryan may live forever in a way quite unconnected with his many journalistic triumphs. Mr. Ryan is the man who arranged some years ago for all OPC members passing through Shannon airport to receive free of charge, a bottle of Irish whiskey, begorra!





# THE ED STOUT AWARD

## *Bertram B. Johansson for His Latin-American Reporting for The Christian Science Monitor*



Bertram Johansson

Bertram B. Johansson's formula for reporting is rather an obvious one, combining hard work and imagination in equal proportions. His first job at the Christian Science Monitor—some fifteen years ago—was a story about Deer Island, where the city of Boston keeps a pig farm. Drawing a dismal blank when he asked the city official there to call the pigs so that the photographer might get a shot of them, Bert took over, and gave out with a rousing hog call, himself. Pigs came running from all over the island, and the photographer got what he wanted. With just this sort of enterprise, Johansson has been getting to the heart of all his assignments—in Washington, in Asia, and, during the past few years, in Latin America. "Ferment in Cuba," Johansson's splendid series on the Castro government, was one of the first searching examinations of the new Cuba, and it included the first references to "censorship by fear" of the Cuban press. On a par with this work was his reporting from Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay, where his coverage of political and economic crises has been lively and yet levelheaded.

## *Castro Cuts Visit Short*

By Bertram B. Johansson

Staff Correspondent on Latin-American Affairs for The Christian Science Monitor

**Havana** Premier Fidel Castro's sudden decision to fly to the "Committee of 21" meetings of the Organization of American States in Buenos Aires, with a stop-off in Havana, has raised speculation here as to his reasons for cutting short his North American trip.

His Houston hosts have had to throw overboard their plans for a huge Texas barbecue for the visiting Cuban Premier and settle for a rushed luncheon on his arrival April 27 from Canada.

There is speculation as to whether the surprise move was made mainly to consolidate more firmly the prestige of the present Cuban Government by wider international contacts.

It is generally conceded this was Dr. Castro's primary reason.

Dr. Regino Boti, Cuban Minister of the Economy who was

rights of habeas corpus, elections, and so on.

During his stopover in Havana, Dr. Castro is expected among other things to inquire into the progress of research by the Ministry of Agriculture into the government's agrarian reform program which was supposed to have been announced before he left for the United States.

Details of the program are awaited anxiously by Cubans as well as United States business firms associated with agricultural production.

### **Symbol Role Noted**

There is an acute awareness that Dr. Castro is urgently needed here as a symbol of the revolution to hold the country united and keep morale high.

Running a revolutionary government in Latin America usually becomes the most difficult

Soften his anti-Americanism because of the demonstrated United States interest in the Cuban revolution and in him as a symbol of the independence movement.

Provide some perspective on international finance and economic matters, about which Dr. Castro admits he needs some schooling but for which he has demonstrated a tremendous capacity for learning.

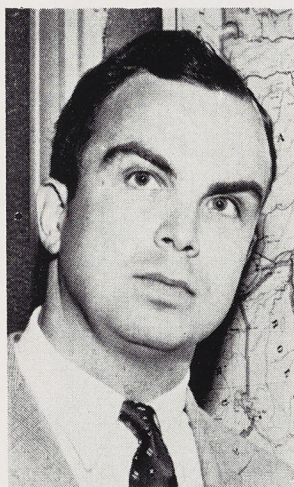
Possibly incline him away from the authoritarian tendencies inherent in the numerous decrees which the revolutionary government is issuing daily, giving the government more and more arbitrary power in the name of cleansing out the corruption of the Batista regime.

These powers are so far-reaching — and in one sense Cubans feel they must be to accomplish the task of governmental reform quickly — that Dr. Castro could become today



# THE E. W. FAIRCHILD AWARD

## *Peter Weaver, McGraw-Hill World News: For Business Reporting From Cuba—Mexico*



Peter Weaver

Asked to characterize Peter Weaver, his associates almost unanimously stress his restless, bubbling, almost irrepressible energy. Weaver demonstrated this dynamic quality soon after he was assigned as chief of the McGraw-Hill Rio de Janeiro bureau back in 1956. The 35-year-old brown-haired reporter made a fetish out of seeing as much as possible of Brazil's 3.3 million square miles, including a trip deep into the jungle to see the headwaters of the Amazon. Transferred to Mexico City in 1958, Weaver, a graduate of Kenyon College in Ohio, continued his wanderings and traveled extensively not only throughout that country but all over Central America as well. When Castro came to power, Weaver, who is married to a Cuban girl (she was the boss's secretary), became McGraw-Hill's man in Havana and was one of the first American reporters to provide details on the inside workings of the new regime. Although his life is somewhat less frantic now that he is back in Mexico, Weaver still ventures far and wide in search of meaningful business news. His journeys have yielded a series of first-class dispatches on the state of the economy south of the border as well as some excellent photos on the land boom along Mexico's "Riviera."

### REAL ESTATE

## Mexican Land Boom Lures Gringos



U. S. investors and speculators are getting in on the ground floor. Some are making fortunes, others are losing their shirts.

Well-heeled Americans with a penchant for playing their hunches have a new area in which to risk their money.

The west coast of Mexico—from Ensenada in the north to Acapulco in the south (map)—is in the throes of a land boom.

Beach fronts that sold for a few cents per square yard five years ago are now a bargain at \$16. All along the 2,000-mile coast, U. S. investors are quietly buying up choice sites—either for "hideaways" or with the idea of developing them into fashionable resorts.

Those who know the ropes are making fortunes by getting in on the ground floor of what Mexico thinks will soon be the "Riviera of the Americas." But many who don't understand Mexican laws and who are interested only in making a fast buck are losing their shirts.

• **Pioneer**—The coast between the U. S. border and Acapulco is a stretch of beautiful beaches, coves, fine fishing.



# THE ROBERT CAPA AWARD

*Mario Biasetti,  
CBS Cameraman:  
For Recording the  
Nicaragua Revolt  
From Both Sides  
At Great Risk*



Mario Biasetti

Mario Biasetti, "for superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad," is the winner of the Robert Capa Award. A six-year veteran with CBS, the 31-year-old cameraman has captured this prize for his superb CBS News coverage of the abortive rebel invasion of Nicaragua. The day after the rebels invaded the coast, Biasetti landed at Managua. Mingling with soldiers, Biasetti filmed government troop activity until he was arrested by military police. En route to headquarters, he turned his camera around and recorded himself in custody. During the subsequent two-hour grilling, he also filmed the proceedings. After his release, Biasetti set off for the front, soon outdistancing the government troops. In mountainous jungle terrain, 150 miles from Managua, Biasetti made contact with the rebels. When informed by him of the size of the government detachment, the rebels quit.





# CITATIONS FOR EXCELLENCE

With a record number of excellent entries, the Awards Committee had a difficult time in choosing the top eleven winners and the eleven runners-up. Here, then, their choices for citations.

ROBERT J. DONOVAN, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*: "Eisenhower Abroad"

NBC: "Eisenhower in Asia"

LARRY FRIED, *Parade*:  
"Report on Siberia"

MARTIN BARNETT, CBS:  
"Population Explosion"

DAVID SCHOENBRUN, *Saturday Review*: "Report on de Gaulle"

WILLIAM L. RYAN, *Associated Press*:  
"For Foreign News Analysis"

ERIC SEVAREID, CBS:  
"Reports From London"

R. HART PHILLIPS: "Cuba—  
Island of Paradox"

KARL E. MEYER, *Washington Post and Times Herald*: "Latin  
American Reporting"

ALBERT E. NORMAN, *Christian Science Monitor*: "Business in Australia,  
New Zealand, and South Pacific Areas"

THE MIAMI HERALD: The committee  
unanimously votes a special citation for  
consistently fine group effort in its  
coverage of the Cuban revolution.



DONOVAN  
Class 1



NBC  
Class 2



FRIED  
Class 3



BARNETT  
Class 4



SCHOENBRUN  
Class 5



RYAN  
Class 6



SEVAREID  
Class 7



PHILLIPS  
Class 8



MEYER  
Class 9



NORMAN  
Class 10



(Continued from page 31)

ACE NEWS SERVICE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Charlie:

Great color stuff. Dripping with emotion. But Great Scott Man! We had to kill it because of all those plugs for dentists. Don't you know we're in the midst of a great "payola" crisis back here? Suggest instead you shoot us a brief roundup of "oddities"—a few of the more unusual things that have happened out your way recently. Anything new on that trench coat?

Yrs.

(s) J. Fosmore Shirkley  
Editor

PS: Does Tahia have a sister? There's a chance that I may get to Cairo this year.

NILE HILTON HOTEL  
CAIRO, U.A.R.

March 2, 1959

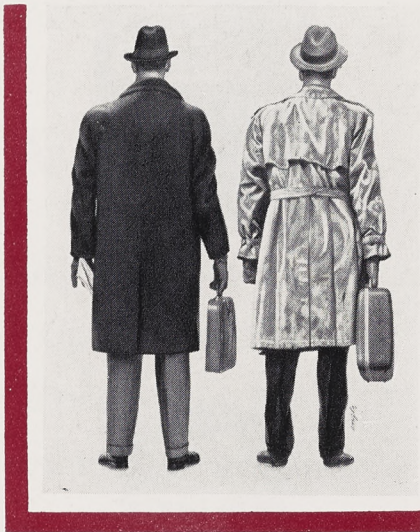
Dear Fos:

Tahia does not have a sister, but she suggests her mother might do. She also has a mighty spry grandmother. Nothing new on the trench coat. Enclosed is a roundup of "oddities." Hope you like them.

Cheers,

(s) Charlie

CAIRO (ANS)—If you're the Ace News Service corre-



## PARADE

AMERICA'S BEST READ

SUNDAY MAGAZINE  
IS PROUD TO BE PART OF THESE  
65 GREAT AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

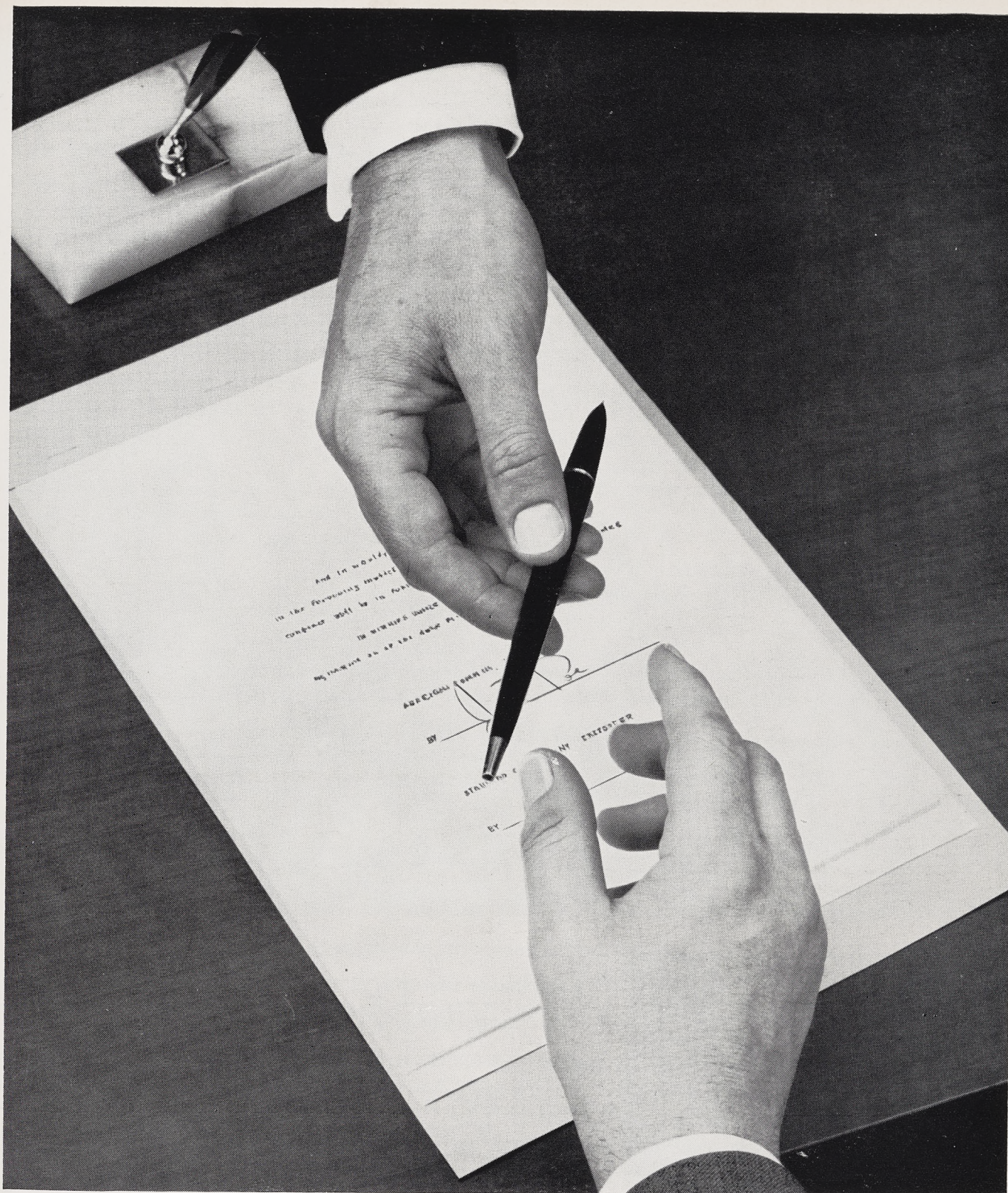
Akron Beacon Journal  
Albuquerque Journal  
Allentown Call-Chronicle  
Asheville Citizen-Times  
Baton Rouge Advocate  
Beaumont Enterprise  
Binghamton Press  
Boston Globe  
Bridgeport Post  
Buffalo Courier-Express  
Cedar Rapids Gazette  
Charleston Gazette-Mail  
Chicago Sun-Times  
Dayton News  
Denver, Rocky Mountain News  
Detroit Free Press  
Erie Times-News

Evansville Courier & Press  
 Fargo Forum  
Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette  
Fort Worth Star-Telegram  
Fresno Bee  
Greenville News  
Harrisburg Patriot-News  
Hartford Courant  
Honolulu Star-Bulletin  
Indianapolis Times  
Jackson, Miss., Clarion-Ledger/  
Daily News  
Knoxville News-Sentinel  
Lincoln Journal-Star  
Little Rock, Arkansas Gazette  
Long Beach Independent-Press-  
Telegram

Long Island Press  
Macon Telegraph & News  
Madison, Wisconsin State Journal  
Miami Herald  
Modesto Bee  
Newark Star-Ledger  
New Bedford Standard-Times  
Newport News-Hampton Press  
Oakland Tribune  
Pasadena Independent Star-News  
Peoria Journal-Star  
Portland, Me., Telegram  
Portland, Ore., Oregonian  
Reading Eagle  
Riverside Press-Enterprise  
Roanoke Times

Sacramento Bee  
St. Joseph News-Press  
St. Louis Post-Dispatch  
St. Petersburg Times  
San Bernardino Sun-Telegram  
San Diego Union  
San Jose Mercury-News  
Scranton, Scrantonian  
Sioux City Journal  
Sioux Falls Argus-Leader  
Springfield, Ohio, News-Sun  
Syracuse Herald-American  
Tucson, Arizona Daily Star  
Washington Post  
Wheeling News-Register  
Yakima Herald  
Youngstown Vindicator





"Respect for contracts is a fundamental element of civilized life. Unless such respect is firmly established as a moral and legal rule, the economic stability and peaceful progress of the entire free world are inevitably hampered."

— M. J. Rathbone, President

**Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)**





spondent in the Middle East, here's the kind of zany drama that unfolds day after day on your very doorstep:

Some cunning rogue infiltrates the armed guard at Cairo's famous museum and scampers off with King Tut's priceless 3,000-year-old golden scepter.

A burly Saudi bodyguard mistakenly invades the hotel boudoir of the sleeping Begum Aga Khan and nearly throttles her before discovering she really hasn't kidnapped the young heir to the royal Saudi throne.

A Cairo mechanic marries his own mother-in-law to silence her nagging tongue.

A woman married only 24 times brands her husband "morally unfit" to raise their child because he has been married 36 times.

The government tries to tax belly-dancer Tahia Gamal 36.5 cents for every public wiggle of her shapely hips.

It's a hot, dusty, and often violent crossroads of three continents, and the capricious censorship sometimes threatens delirium. But you occupy a ringside seat for the biggest and gaudiest human carnival anywhere across the globe.

—30—

ACE NEWS SERVICE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

April 15, 1959

Dear Charlie:

You haven't heard from me recently because we've been busy with company inventories. And I discover that we're

still carrying that trench coat as a "capital item." Will you please get rid of it IMMEDIATELY, and let me know how much it brought. Should still be in fairly good condition and bring a good price. As for the "oddities," doesn't seem there's much happening out your way. But that reference to censorship intrigues me. What about a roundup?

Yrs.

(a) J. Fosmore Shirkley  
Editor

PS: Don't ever insult me again with nonsense about "mothers and grandmothers." Does Tahia know who I am? You better fix it with her—and only her—if I ever get to Cairo!

NILE HILTON HOTEL  
CAIRO, U. A. R.

May 5, 1959

Dear Fos:

As I told you, I'm working on getting rid of the trench coat. But I can't seem to find a buyer for such a tattered relic more than fifteen years old.

Cheers,  
(s) Charlie

PS: The enclosed censorship story is somewhat brief.

CAIRO (ANS)—The most agonizing and exasperating problem nagging constantly at foreign correspondents in the Middle East today is official censorship.

## ALL THE KING'S MEN

KING Features Syndicate, which for more than 40 years has  
been leading the way in newspaper features, now has millions  
of reader-friends in 120 countries and colonies throughout  
the world and its features appear in 30 different languages.

KING can recognize another headliner when it sees one.

So in behalf of its editors, cartoonists, columnists and  
writers, it tips its crown to the Overseas Press Club  
of America at its Annual Awards Dinner.

### KING FEATURES SYNDICATE

*The Best Features Make the Best Friends*







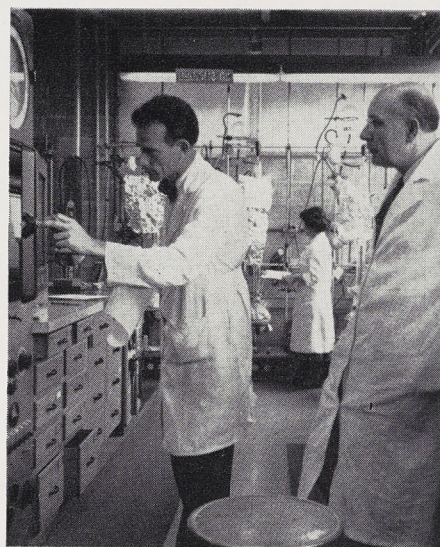
## Here's the story

*Good photographs and reliable information about oil—from the search for new reserves to research for new and better products.*



SHELL OIL COMPANY

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Censors generally, wherever they may be are  
Note: Censor deleted rest of story on grounds it was  
(his words) "Patriotically damaging, factually questionable,  
and morally turpitudinous . . ."

ACE NEWS SERVICE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

June 5, 1959

Dear Charlie:

OK, I'll shut up on the trench coat IF you're really  
working at getting rid of it. And forget about the piece  
on censorship. Now what about those celebrated Middle  
Eastern superstitions, like the "Curse of the Pharaohs"?  
Great stuff for Sunday light reading. And hurry it along.

Yrs.

(s) J. Fosmore Shirkley  
Editor

.....  
NILE HILTON HOTEL  
CAIRO, U.A.R.

July 1, 1959

Dear Fos:

The piece on superstitions enclosed. Sorry it took so  
long, but I had to do quite a lot of research digging out  
the facts.

Cheers,  
(s) Charlie

CAIRO (ANS)—To cure a headache in Egypt's ancient  
Luxor, the venerable natives advise cutting a small incision

on top of the head and sucking out the blood.

In the town of Assiut, no self-respecting Egyptian  
ever would leave a cut watermelon out overnight without  
sticking a knife in it. Otherwise a snake will be certain  
to eat it or, worse, spit on it and poison the melon.

Even in modern-day Cairo, you can be assured of casting  
off the spell of the "evil eye" if you join in a wild hysterical  
devil dance called the "zar."

Every few months up and down the Nile Valley, the  
word goes out: Another Egyptian dared tamper with  
one of the ancient Pharaonic tombs in search of hidden  
riches. His fate? Instant death. The sinister "Curse  
of the Pharaohs" at work again.

In the bleak Sinai desert, there is another, more inter-  
esting superstition. A modest young Bedouin maiden  
will hide her face from a passing motorist by flinging  
her long black dress over her head. Beneath the dress  
—the girl, nothing more. No matter, her face is covered.

—30—

ACE NEWS SERVICE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

September 15, 1959

Dear Charlie:

Do you think any realistic, practical, sound-minded  
American would ever believe there could be people in the  
world today who still believe in such foolish superstitions?  
Anyway, the whole trend is now on foreign intrigue. Let's  
have a smashing blood-and-thunder piece on spying, coun-

# The Roy Bernard Company, Inc.

635 Madison Avenue

New York City



## *Public Relations*



New York

Washington

Chicago

London

Frankfurt



# After centuries of toil-oil!



YESTERDAY — a warm house demanded a strong back and plenty of attention to keep those early furnaces and stoves stoked up with coal — the principal source of heat for many decades. Then along came a labor-saving solution to this heating problem — the introduction of fuel oil.



TODAY — silently, efficiently, automatically, oil heats over 16-million homes in the United States. Annually, this country consumes nearly 2½-billion dollars worth of oil for home heating — making petroleum one of the most basic and vital household commodities. Texaco is one of the principal suppliers of fuel oil.

TEXACO





ter-spying and those brutal assassinations so famous in your violent part of the globe.

Yrs.

(s) J. Fosmore Shirkley  
Editor

.....  
NILE HILTON HOTEL  
CAIRO, U.A.R.

October 15, 1959

Dear Fos:

Good news. I gotta nibble today for the trench coat. Nothing solid, but promising.

Cheers (with optimism)

(s) Charlie

PS: Enclosed the requested blood-and-thunderer. We got lots of it hereabouts.

CAIRO (ANS)—While his terror-stricken wife screams helplessly, a suspected Iraqi "spy" crumples under a hail of bullets in Beirut's bustling international airport.

Driving home for his daily bath, Iraqi Premier Abdel Kerim Kassem suddenly clutches a riddled shoulder as Tommy guns rake his station wagon in midtown Baghdad.

On a lonely mountain road, political foes of former Lebanese Cabinet Minister Naim Moghabghab drag him from his car and stone him to death.

If you crave high-level intrigue, there's no place like the Middle East.

Revolutions and rebellions have toppled regimes in the

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—30—

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Charlie:

Damnit and thunderation! Do you think the American public wants to read NOTHING from the Middle East but murder and brutality? That's the trouble with you former war correspondents. You'll never be able to get rid of the trench coat and put on a respectable gray flannel suit like the rest of us. And speaking of trench coats, what about it? No more excuses. Reply immediately.

Yrs.

(s) JFS

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December 3, 1959

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hotel. In exchange he gave me his red fez (or tarboosh, as they call them here)—and I only had to give him \$4.50 to boot. That will go on the expense account, of course. But isn't that just about the most exciting news since sliced bread?

Double Cheers,

(s) Charlie

PS: Out of the trench coat by Christmas—get it?

.....  
ACE NEWS SERVICE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

December 23, 1959

Dear Charlie:

I always said you former war correspondents would either get lazy or go native. And now you've traded MY trench coat for a hideous fez. I'm not a Shriner. What can I do with that? And further, the \$4.50 "boot" comes out of your pocket, not mine. If you were here I'd give you a REAL boot, I would.

Yrs.

(s) JFS

PS: I almost forgot. Don't bother sending any more copy. Tomorrow the Ace News Service becomes the "Ace Publishing Co." Children's books. Great future, what with the population boom. Anyway, Charlie there just doesn't seem to be much happening out in your area any more.

—CHARLES P. ARNOT  
*ABC, Cairo*

## FILL-IN IN MOSCOW

When Premier Khrushchev unfolded his so-called disarmament plan before the Supreme Soviet in January, another correspondent and I threaded our way through a group of square-hatted Uzbeki delegates on the way to our hotels.

"This should top the papers in the states," he commented. "Are you filing now?"

"No, I have a couple of days before deadline on that," I replied. "First I'm doing a roundup on Aeroflot's plans for 1960, then there's a piece on Russian plans to build an oil pipeline of plywood out in the Urals."

All of which points up the fact that, as a correspondent for McGraw-Hill magazines—and the only full-time business and economic reporter in Moscow—I am something of a strange animal on the journalism scene of the Soviet capital. But I'm a breed destined to become more common in the new era of economic competition between the Big Two.

More and more people have come to see that, say, the status of the ambitious Russian electrification program and plans to industrialize Siberia are perhaps more vital than who stands ahead of whom at the May Day parade.

The same thought, alas, has long occurred to the daily newspaper correspondents with whom McGraw-Hill must compete. Thus I can never be sure that I have to myself that story about the new cold cathode tubes developed by Soviet electronic experts, or the one about the wall-

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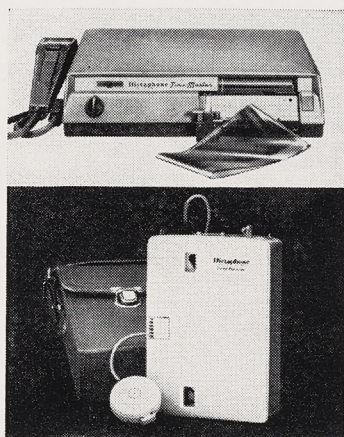
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paper with the built-in apartment heating units.

If the foreign correspondent once wore his trench coat as a badge, today's Moscow correspondent is more apt to look fondly upon that drawerful of old clippings as his best friend. To recoin a phrase, a man's filing case is his castle. A particularly good folder on moon rockets has been known to bring as much as two fifths of Scotch from a colleague badly in need of a fill-in.

—ERNEST CONINE  
*McGraw-Hill, Moscow*

## COEXISTENCE BLUES

My wife has never quite gotten over the fact that she married a man whose old friends call him the "Beast of the Balkans."

It was not originally intended to be affectionate. I became a beast-at-large, so to speak, shortly after World War II. In those days, the Russians were deeply displeased with the few Westerners who covered Eastern Europe. So "beast" became a dirty political word as applied by Soviet propaganda. I got on their preferred blacklist for my reporting, in those days, for *The Herald Tribune*.

Some of my friends, with a droll sense of humor, were delighted. They picked up the nickname, shortened it, and, unfortunately, it stuck through the years. Only real, old friends dare use it, I might add. They know how it started. It was once rather embarrassing. My wife accompanied me to an Eastern European capital. It was her first trip.

In the lobby of the hotel, a lady embraced me. She

was an old friend. "Good to see you, beastie," she said. I introduced her to my wife as an old news source—which, she was. My wife has never believed it. "Beast, OK," she says in angry reminiscence. "But beastie. . ."

Nearly all my old friends who did the circuit of Eastern Europe back in 1945-1948 have gone from the area. I miss them even if it meant wincing regularly from the nickname. Dignity has become imposed, like a Seven-Year Plan, on those who dutifully do the tour of Eastern Europe today. Maybe it's the leaden atmosphere that does it. Anyway, taking yourself seriously is not the formula for reporting on an especially neuralgic area.

This is not intended as criticism. Every reporter works—or tries to—within the framework he thinks best suited to him. These are other times, granted. Yet the basic issues of reporting on Eastern Europe, generally, and the satellites, specifically, have not really changed.

The principal problem remains: Getting visas. Do you pull punches and play it deadpan? One school of thought insists that the reporter's business is to go to the places concerned. That means being ultra-careful. It involves a little self-censorship before transmission. The reporter who sets visas as his priority target gets them. His copy is generally undistinguished—again, in my own opinion—and provides satellite regimes with a club they dearly love to use.

If a reporter is resident in one of the Eastern European countries, he is subject to the pressure of shifting regime policy. In today's call of the coexistence-chorus, his reports are examined as pro-or-anti-coexistence. The fact

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that he may be reporting hard news and making shrewd interpretations does not matter to the regime. Abe Rosenthal, for example, was an early victim of the coexistence blues sung through a medley of drastic alterations of the Communist regime he covered.

The importance of being objective, according to East European regimes, means closing your eyes on many facets of life and living. The puppet Hungarian Government is irreconcilably opposed to anyone obtaining a visa who has written about writers still in prison and continued executions long after the revolt. How can a reporter write a piece on, say, intellectual life there and still return? You don't have to be a "cold warrior" to call the shots as you see them.

I have argued both sides of the reporting coin in this question with many of my colleagues. It is, I believe, a vital issue in reporting from Eastern Europe. Dignity does not mean standing mute. That's why I hope none of my old friends will ever call me "Mr. Beast."

—SEYMOUR FREIDIN

*N.Y. Post columnist for Europe*

## ENTER THE VILLAINS

The other day, I was standing on the steps of the Palace of Fine Arts in Havana, watching Anastas Mikoyan open the Soviet fair and chatting with Ruby Phillips of The New York Times, when, suddenly, from somewhere around the corner, came a flat, familiar sound. While my flesh crawled, Ruby, who has lived in Cuba so long

that nothing can startle her now, said matter-of-factly: "That's gunfire." An instant later, the Palace Square was crackling. Everywhere, soldiers and cops started blasting away—at the sky, at each other, at the Sevilla-Biltmore Hotel. As I watched them, I was reminded of a story Bill Richardson once told me. Bill and Homer Bigart were in Oman, covering a British police action, and one afternoon the Arabs lobbed a mortar shell at them. Taking cover behind a rock, Homer said: "W-well, B-bill; it ain't m-much of a war—but it's the o-only one we've g-got."

I don't know how Bill and Homer dressed in Oman, but in Havana that day I was rather elegant, I think. I wore a shirt of many colors, mostly red (purchased on Madison Avenue); a woven belt, red (Ciudad Trujillo); a pair of light-green English doeskin slacks (Havana); and a pair of crazy, red shoes (St. Jean-de-Luz).

No trench coat.

No gray flannel suit.

When a mob surrounded Andrew St. George of Life, shouting "Paredon! Paredon!" (which means, roughly, "Shoot the dirty American so-and-so!"), Andy was elegant, too—in a green Indian madras jacket. And, I swear this, I heard no less an arbiter of elegance than Don Iddon of The London Daily Express compliment Murray Kempton of The New York Post on his apparel only an hour or two before a drunken Cuban cornered Murray and started reviling him for daring to speak English. (Murray wore a brown tweed sports jacket, which Iddon said made him

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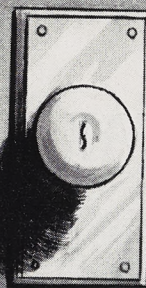


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look "very British").

I'll refrain from describing the attire of the other correspondents in Cuba. For, since this is Dateline, not Cutter and Tailor, I suspect that what the editors really meant when they spoke of the postwar transition from trench coats (dirty) to gray flannel suits (clean and pressed) was not that we've all become fashion plates (as, indeed, we have) but that we're now more concerned with problems of international finance than with who shot whom. That may be true in London but, in Cuba, we're concerned with both. The Cuban revolution is primarily an economic revolution; but, somehow, guns keep going off.

With the exception of Herbert L. Matthews of The New York Times, American reporters in Cuba today are only less unpopular than Fulgencio Batista; in fact, Jules Dubois of The Chicago Tribune is almost the national villain.

Our crime is that we've dared to criticize Fidel. That makes us agents of Wall Street, agents of the FBI, agents of the CIA, etc.

Except for Dubois, no American reporter has been physically molested. (Jules was mobbed one night at the All-American cable office; it took a squad of soldiers and police to rescue him.) However, the photographers haven't been so lucky. In a crowd, their cameras make them instantly recognizable.

Jules, incidentally, was dressed in a dark gray tropical-worsted suit when the mob went after him.

No trench coat.

—**HAROLD LAVINE**  
*Senior Editor, Newsweek*

## ***EAST FROM VERMONT***

Sooner or later, if you have spent all your life in Burlington, Vt., you are bound to run into everybody you know. This is a pleasant, if somewhat limiting, experience and it occurred to us, when the depression let up, that we might get the hell out of there and take a gander at the outside world.

Progressing as far as St. Albans, 25 miles in the wrong direction, we wound up top man in a floating hotel poker game and lent the loser his train fare back to the New York World's Fair, where he was making publicity at the time. He hired us. It seemed easier than repaying. This had its advantages. At a tender age, we learned about the expense account. Two men named Will Yolen and Richard Lee Jr., instructed us in this interesting art. During the dead of winter, to drum up publicity in the North and South, two ragged Civil War veterans from Montgomery, Ala., and Seattle, Wash., appeared to shake hands for photographers. First-class travel, all the way. Looking back now, the veterans might well have been Yolen and Lee, heavily disguised.

Came the war, the Navy, and no expense account.

Later, the public-relations manager of Pan American dispatched us to Great Britain as a press agent. "Because of the recent conflict, the people are still sort of stunned over there." He eyed us critically. "You might just do."

An early assignment, given us by George Lyon, the PRO, was to publicize the first transatlantic sleeping service. "Insomnia," we told the British Press. "The man

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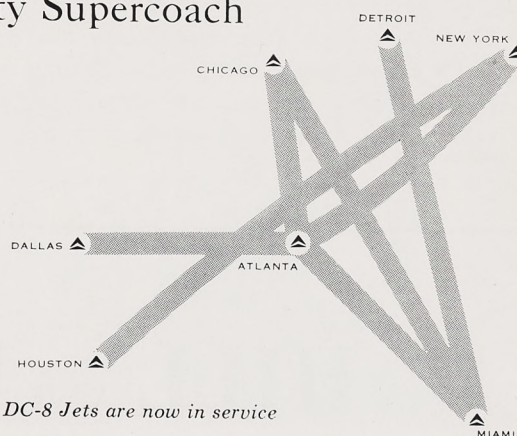


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was bombed during the war. Can't sleep. Tried everything. Money no object. Thinks a plane berth at 20,000 feet might do it." The airplane arrived, the man descended. "I am considerably refreshed," he told the press, eyes bright and chest out. "Probably will spend all my nights aloft." This was front-page stuff all right and the boys let go with it. The man, it was discovered shortly after, was George Lyon himself. "Not sporting, old boy," said the press. "Newspapermen customarily ask a man who he is," said Don Cook of The Herald Tribune.

That sort of thing is far behind us now. We are a monument of respectability, derby squared and umbrella at half mast, and unfailingly kind to schoolteachers from Iowa and to Horace Sutton. The people around here are not stunned any more and London is a civilized place to live, by and large.

An agreeable admiral named Min Miller, who previously took us in hand during the Navy stint, and a large thinker named David Parsons direct the airline's overseas publicity and, as the American press will testify, this makes fine flying weather all round. There is even an expense account, if modest.

In odd vacation moments we've scrawled some sport bits for The Times, New York. One chilly morning at the Cortina Winter Olympics, the girls were skiing the slalom, a dubious exercise. The hill was icy, snow slippery, and, in no time, the slopes were strewn with broken bones.

What's more, it was impossible for the ladies to finish since the line was cluttered with a crowd gazing adoringly at an Italian movie star. "Sophia Loren was escorted down mountain," we wrote, "followed mostly by grown men." The last phrase, if you know The Times, was summarily beheaded. After ripping our clothes in a mad descent after her, it seems high time to have it in print.

—FRED TUPPER  
Pan American, London

## DOCTORS OF LETTERS

A title is far more useful than a trench coat these days in this part of the world. Although Italy has converted from a monarchy to a form of chaotic democracy, the love of titles lives on. Let an Italian become aware of a person's being a count or a prince and his attitude changes from cheerful surliness to cooperative subservience. The Italians are so obsessive about titles that they often bestow titles where none are deserved. For example, a foreign correspondent is almost always referred to with a respectful *Dottore*. The Italians feel that if a man can use a typewriter he *must* be a doctor of letters!

Under these conditions the title of "Mediterranean Director" or something equally sweeping becomes more important than either a typewriter or a trench coat. With

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The challenge of what to say in response to a Papal blessing was perhaps best met by that late great newspaperman Meyer Berger of The New York Times. Berger once made a trip to Rome and was received by the Pope. Those who knew Berger describe him affectionately as a gentle, simple man. He was moved by the Vatican audience and he listened to the Pope with deep attention. As the Pope was concluding, he stretched out his hands and said: "God bless you, my son."

To which Berger politely replied: "Oh, God bless you, too, sir."

—IRVING R. LEVINE  
NBC, Rome

## THE TORN TUXEDO

What I'd like to do is get back to the trench coat. If you see us, the cameramen, among the foreign correspondents, in gray flannel suits, we will either have wrinkles in our trousers and mud on our shoes, or we are not actually working at that particular moment.

Even the best English material flannel suits will show traces of a long ride in a plane or car, and of working with seventeen pieces of equipment, which have to be lugged around and set up, before we start shooting.

Since the casual dress of a foreign correspondent began to be unfashionable, I have on my casualty list: Tuxedo torn by a nail in a rostrum, one hole burned into the sleeve of a dark suit during a gala reception, several soiled and disformed suits from kneeling, even lying on floors. Sacrifices for a camera angle. And last month I was wishing I had the old trench coat, to protect me (and the camera, of course) from sudden showers of rain while waiting for Ike in Ankara.

You will hardly see one trench coat in the checkroom of the Embassy Club at Bad Godesberg, a meeting place of the foreign correspondents of Bonn. Recently I wanted to eat there between shooting, but the doorman wouldn't let me in. I had no tie and I felt like a criminal. One correspondent said to the receptionist: "But Mr. Schwartzkopf has the official permission of the government to come in here without a tie. Only this morning the Chief of Protocol told him that he could go to the American Club without a tie."

The doorman was not impressed. He was wearing a gray flannel suit, with a tie.

—JERRY SCHWARTZKOPFF  
CBS, Bonn

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General Aramburu, Provisional President of Argentina from 1955-1957, and Senora de Aramburu view the International Trophy with Laurel president John D. Schapiro.



The "Washington, D. C. International" Race at Laurel, Md., is discussed throughout the four corners of the globe with the great interest and enthusiasm expected of the sport which has attracted 55,000,000 patrons during the past year. Foreign correspondents, as well as diplomatic and government officials, find it a most refreshing point of conversation in the various clubs and meeting places throughout the world. It is America's best-known thoroughbred horse race throughout the world. In the United States, its popularity has increased since its inception in 1952, and already it is regarded as the nation's leading race of the autumn season.

Laurel Race Course, on next November 11, will write finis to this great Olympic year by staging its Olympics of Racing, an event at a mile and a half, bringing together the best horses from nations around the globe to settle international supremacy with the American stars. This is the "Washington, D. C. International" at Laurel, Md., a fitting and important event, with all the characteristics and overtones of an Olympic event.

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## TOO MANY YANKS

"You've got the job of work, laddie. Goin' about the country askin' questions and meetin' people and writin' things."

This was a tweedy Scotsman's view of an American correspondent's job in Britain.

But is it such a lush job? Especially when you cover the whole of the British Isles for business newspapers with interests ranging from electronics to food to fashions.

On a typical day you may cover the formal opening of a supermarket, that strange colonial intruder in a land of greengrocers and fruiterers. The Marchioness of McSweeney is snipping the tape (Debetts always to hand at times like these) and as the ribbon flutters down, three charladies wander in and sling wire baskets over their arms. "Why," you ask in a never-ending quest after consumer motivation, "don't you use a pushcart?" They glower mistrustfully and clutch the basket a little closer, shuffling off in search of a good buy in Brussels sprouts.

Or up to Jodrell Bank to stand in wonder under that vast steel dish catching radio waves raining silently and unseen from the edge of space. Here are men who with a fantastic arrogance hope to put the universe on paper. Yet what does Professor Lovell talk about? The neighborhood farmers who blame a crop blight on his wonderful telescope. "It was pointin' our way, I tell yuh."

Cover a financial meeting. That's where you'll come to

grips with Britain. Ah hah, an apoplectic old type in the next chair, cheek whiskers bristling with the fury of his hissing, speaks: "I'll tell you what's wrong with the world, sir. Too many Yanks here, sir. And I'll tell you what's wrong with England, sir. It's that penniless Greek SHE married." Only the chairman's call for proxies to be voted saves us both, I'm sure, from charges of treasonable activities.

So it goes. From spare Cornish cliffs and vertical fishing villages, from West End theaters and Irish unemployment queues, from Scottish mill towns and great smoky midland cities, it's Britain, and since you're our man in Britain, it's yours too.

—JAMES W. BRADY  
*Fairchild Publications, London*

## THE UNBLOODIED

I would challenge that yesterday's correspondent was a "rough character in a blood-stained trench coat with a knife in his back and a bottle in his pocket." Yesterday's correspondents were highly individualized—more so than now but no one was ever more impeccably dressed than Floyd Gibbons; the two Mowrer brothers were scholarly types—Edgar once lectured on philosophy in Darmstadt; and I never wore a trench coat with or without blood stains.

—DOROTHY THOMPSON  
*Ladies Home Journal columnist*

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## SCRABBLE

Last October, four Middle East correspondents were trapped in Baghdad for two weeks when the Iraqis refused to issue them exit visas until the investigation of the attempt on Prime Minister Kassem's life was completed. Now in its best days, Baghdad is a city of limited pleasures, but nonetheless, the plight of the four was not altogether desperate. After all, they had at their disposal a comfortable and well-stocked hotel bar, four hands for poker, and, by happy coincidence, half a dozen Rumanian trade-delegation secretaries.

Thus confronted, did they do honor to the ancient traditions of their trade by guzzling their way through the bar's stocks, stretching out the expense account around the poker table, chasing the Rumanian ladies up and down the hotel corridors? No, they didn't.

They played Scrabble.

Scrabble, explained NBC's Tom Streithorst, builds the vocabulary and a good newspaperman needs a good vocabulary.

—LARRY COLLINS  
*Newsweek, Beirut*

## ROMAN DIALOGUE

*Persons of the Dialogue: Giornalisto, the narrator, letter writer to the Pro-Consul of Athens; Critico, a*

*teacher of letter writing; Finito, a retired letter writer now in the slave trade.*

*Scene: Tony Prantera's, a suburban wineshop of Rome.*

*Fin.:* Drink slowly, Giornalisto. I used to be a letter writer myself. It is galling at times. But wine is no answer.

*Giorn.:* And why not when Athens complains my marbles reporting the election of Tiberius Gracchus as Tribune arrived seven weeks behind Thebes' marbles? Six months and I could understand—even three months. But seven weeks. Is speed to be everything in letter writing?

*Fin.:* Perhaps the ship was becalmed or someone loaded your second marble out of order. You know communications companies.

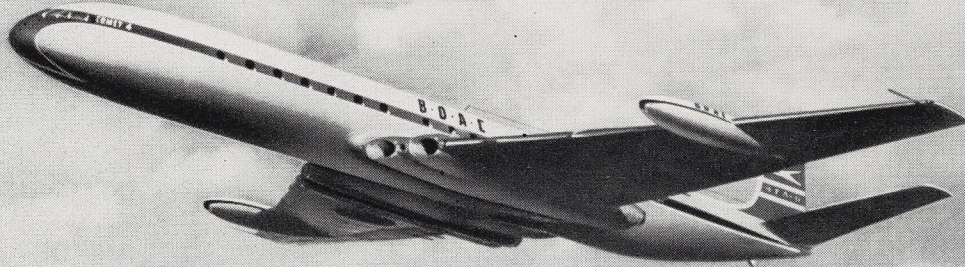
*Giorn.:* But convince Athens. Wait—I've their answer. Last year I asked for a new chisel. I told them mine was dull and I couldn't keep up with Thebes. Very sorry, they said, but we just moved into a new headquarters building and had to buy new chisels for the new offices so we're over budget.

They'll squirm when I say my marbles were seven weeks late because Thebes buys new chisels for its foreign letter writers.

*Giorn.:* If you elevate it, you buy the wine.

*Cri.:* I'll pay but you order. Or after six years in Rome doesn't Giornalisto speak enough Latin to order a drink.

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*Giorn.:* I damn well do speak enough Latin to order a drink.

*Cri.:* But not much more.

*Giorn.:* I just don't have a gift for languages. Anyway, people whose deeds are worth enscribing know Greek.

*Fin.:* I never spoke Latin very well and I've done excellently.

*Cri.:* Yes, selling slaves.

*Giorn.:* I'll bet selling slaves has its moments, though . . . girl slaves, especially. Sometimes I think I should get out of letter writing and into something that pays better.

*Cri.:* Let us resume our dialogue. What is the professional obligation of a letter writer—if letter writing is a profession? Are you just centurion chroniclers? You are stationed in a foreign country.

Why not go into the provinces and learn that Rome today is divided between a governing oligarchy and the mass of impoverished, both free men and slaves. Tell Athens that here there is no Grecian democracy. Give letter writing depth and meaning.

*Giorn.:* Sorry, did any spill on your toga?

*Fin.:* No. I'll get another flask.

*Giorn.:* A good point, Critico. You always make it well. Let me tell you a little story. Last August—when you were helping that little blonde student catch up with her studies at Ostia—Giornalista was covering the slave revolt in Sicily.

I chiseled five marbles—some of my best work. The Pro-Consul thought them so important he had them read

before the Agora. Only the Athenians didn't listen. You know why? A storyteller was there giving a lurid version of Cornelia's salon. Repeating all the old jokes—you know, Gaius orders a Martinius, Tiberius says "you mean a Martini," and Gaius says "if I want two, I'll order two."

Athenians listened to *that* and ignored my marbles on the revolt.

*Fin.:* Maybe you overchiseled. Five marbles is a lot.

*Giorn.:* Perhaps people are not yet ready for too much knowledge. They prefer gossip and jokes. It will not always be so. Many centuries from now—in 1960, say—all men will be wise, letter writers will be honored and their work respected.

*Fin.:* It's early. Let's order one more.

—STAN SWINTON  
*Associated Press*

## ALWAYS THE RIOT

Latin pride detests the label, but it might be possible to demonstrate that South America is an "underdeveloped area" solely on the basis of the working uniform of the working press.

Other lands may have let the foreign correspondent put a chesterfield over his gray flannel suit; in most of the hemisphere the trench coat is still de rigueur, and the foresighted reporter has an old flight jacket and a pair of jump boots in reserve against the next revolution. He may even keep a gas mask next to his Homburg for days when

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tear gas flies, an event of such frequency that popular opinion credits the highest income in Argentina to the man who has the grenade import monopoly.

That isn't to say that you cannot be civilized: There's an occasional call—you don't have to listen, of course—for a white tie on the diplomatic circuit, and a slide rule helps when you must set up as an economic expert.

It remains true, though, that the big story from South America runs to violence. Strikes and riots keep cropping up throughout the beat, and Gen. Alfredo Stroessner's Paraguayan dictatorship is following Perón and Pérez Jiménez and Batista downhill. Precedent says that fall is going to be a weird job of coverage.

Argentina likes itself as a progressive and cultured leader of the Latin community, yet most of the headlines it made last year bore the scent of blood.

There were three near revolutions; each forced President Arturo Frondizi to reshuffle his Cabinet under military pressure, and in September's show this correspondent and AP's Sam Summerlin got new tummy dimples from little boys with Tommy guns. That was when Constitutional Commander-in-Chief Frondizi discovered he couldn't fire army C-in-C Gen. Carlos Toranzo Montero—in fact, had no authority at all over the armed forces.

There were four nationwide general strikes, each with its riots and tear gas, and there was never a day without a labor conflict.

—HERBERT M. CLARK  
*Free Lance, Buenos Aires*

## BACHELOR GIRL

Some foreign correspondents in other capitals may have changed from "foreign intrigue" characters into gray flannel suit types. But life in Moscow still is in the trench-coat division, fur-hat section.

At least so it seems to me, Moscow's sole permanent female correspondent. Life here still has squeaking-door moments right out of a TV serial, and enough complications to make life for a bachelor girl among the Bolsheviks a daily adventure.

Sometimes we make attempts at décor in our home away from home. Last Halloween, Preston Grover of AP bought a huge pumpkin and carved a jack o'lantern to resemble Mao Tse-tung. This was placed, candle burning, in the window of our quarters. Both the resemblance and the holiday touch were lost on the Russians. Anyway, the next day our jack o'lantern had vanished.

So did a sign reading "Bourgeois Academy of Sciences." This was hung by Max Frankel of The New York Times over our booths to commemorate the brain-racking that goes on when correspondents who never took math past high school are desperately trying to figure out rocket trajectories.

Now and then UPI Bureau Chief Henry Shapiro and Bob Korengold, my other co-worker at UPI, let me out of the telegraph melee into the quiet but spellbinding city that is Moscow for some social life. This means hard work

(Continued on page 90)

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# TEN TO TEST YOUR OVERSEAS IQ

How's your nose for foreign news, both the significant and the not-so-significant? Test yourself on the ten multiple-choice questions below before you turn to the answers on page 90. Scoring: 10 correct, ace correspondent; 7 to 9 correct, overseas bureau chief; 4 to 6 correct, foreign-news analyst; under 4 correct, foreign-news editor.

**1—Charles de Gaulle met his wife:**

(a) Backstage at the charity bazaar where she was tap dancing. (b) By spilling a cup of tea in her lap. (c) By running into her on his bicycle.

**2—What Cambridge-educated, one-time Grenadier Guardsman now rules a country in Africa where the national drink is banana beer?**

(a) Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana. (b) Sekou Toure of Guinea. (c) Mutesa II, King of Buganda.

**3—Which of the following is the most expensive destination for direct press messages to and from New York?**

(a) Kuwait. (b) Lourenco Marques. (c) Bangkok.

**4—Falashas are:**

(a) Fried chick-pea balls eaten with Arab bread. (b) Cameroon guerrillas. (c) Ethiopia's Hamitic Jews.

**5—What foreign capital is currently divided from its nation's heaviest population center by (1) a foreign nation, (2) 1,200 miles?**

(a) Berlin. (b) Vientiane. (c) Rawalpindi.

**6—Who said this? "The Communists are servants of China. They are acting as spies. You must smash the Communist Party."**

(a) President Ayub Khan. (b) V. K. Krishna Menon. (c) Gen. Ne Win.

**7—Which is farthest south?**

(a) Washington. (b) Madrid. (c) Istanbul. (d) Tokyo.

**8—In Great Britain, the Duke of Cornwall is:**

(a) The British peer who rented his castle to a nudist convention. (b) The heir to the British throne. (c) The octogenarian cousin of Winston Churchill.

**9—Which of the following received part of his revolutionary education in Moscow?**

(a) Chiang Kai-shek. (b) Premier Nobusuke Kishi. (c) Aneurin Bevan.

**10—In the Soviet Union collective farms are collectively called:**

(a) Do svidaniye. (b) Nudnicks. (c) Kolkhozi. (d) Spasebo. (e) Blini.



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(Continued from page 88)

covering embassy receptions. Correspondents make beelines for the hors d'oeuvres tables to corner a Russian over the chopped liver in hopes of scraping up a quote.

For those jobs I put away my leather trench coat (fur-lined) and pink winter underwear for my reception working uniform, a cocktail dress and black winter underwear.

No woman here goes without her winter underwear. In the powder room during the fanciest embassy dinner party you will see under the most elegant Balenciaga model natty woolen bloomers dangling below the knee. But black, of course.

As a female I have the double job of keeping house and maintaining a powdered nose while helping cover the news, too. This also is a daily adventure.

Most single correspondents hang their trench coats in hotel rooms. I felt lucky to draw the UPI bureau apartment. So I have the steady rhythm of Tass Teletypes down the hall to lull me to sleep.

We still import most of what we wear, eat, and use. Making out shopping lists for Copenhagen and digging boxes out of customs is an eternal job.

The Russians are too busy fulfilling their Seven-Year Plan to bother with Western-style consumer services. As Tom Lambert of The Herald Tribune says, Moscow correspondents can't wear gray flannel suits. Where would they get them cleaned?

—ALINE MOSBY  
UPI, Moscow

## Quiz Answers

Locales of border drawings and photographs pages 16-31.

### Pages 16-17:

Eiffel Tower, Paris;  
Café, Paris;  
Big Ben, London;  
Shepherd, Ireland;  
Fishermen, Paris.

### Pages 24-25:

Shepherd, Jordan;  
Sphinx, Egypt;  
African Cooking;  
African Dance.

### Pages 26-27:

Moslem Holyman,  
Jordan;  
Taj Mahal, India;  
Blue Mosque, Istanbul.

### Pages 18-19:

Bull Fighter, Spain;  
Forum, Rome;  
Greek Orthodox Priest;  
Spanish Castle.

### Pages 28-29:

Opium Den, Macao;  
Japanese Castle;  
Thailand Statues;  
Riverfront, Saigon.

### Pages 20-21:

The Matterhorn,  
Switzerland;  
Night Club, Berlin;  
Ferris Wheel, Vienna.

### Pages 30-31:

Gauchos, Argentina;  
Sugar Loaf, Brazil;  
Havana, Cuba;  
Bolivian Woman;  
Puerto Rico.

### Pages 22-23:

Stockholm at Night;  
Dutch Women;  
Church, Belgium.

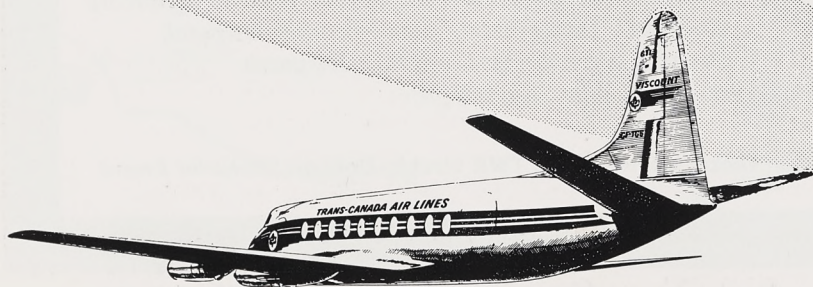
### Answers to Quiz published on page 89

1. (b) 2. (c) 3. (b) 21 $\frac{2}{3}$  cents per word.\*
4. (c) 5. (c) 6. (b) 7. (d) 8. (b) 9. (a)
10. (c)

\* The others: Kuwait, 4 cents per word; Bangkok 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents.



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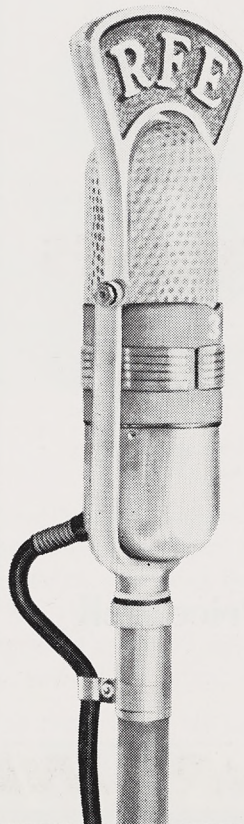
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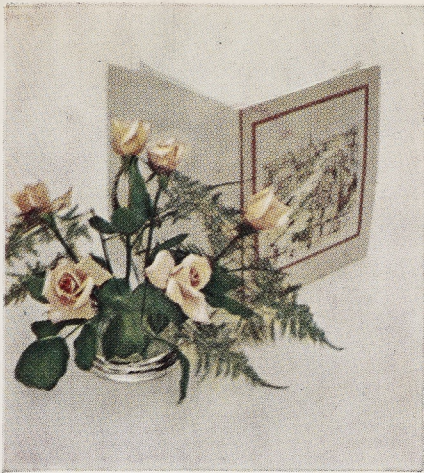
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**A drilling rig** in the Gulf of Mexico,  
*Photo by  
Anthony Linck.*

